LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

November, 1804.

COUNTESS SPENCER,

[With a beautiful Portrait.]

LAVINIA, Countess Spencer, is the eldest daughter of Charles Bingham, Earl of Lucan, in the kingdom of Ireland; and was married March 6, 1781, to Viscount Althorpe, eldest son of John, Earl Spencer, whom he succeeded October, 1783, two years and a half after his marriage, and is the present George-John Spencer, Earl Spencer, Viscount Althorpe, Viscount and Baron Spencer, of Althorpe, in the county of Northampton.

This union has been productive of a numerous issue, of which the following account will be gratifying to our readers.

John-Charles, the present Viscount Althorpe, born May 30, 1782.

Sarah, born July 29, 1787.

Richard, born October 18, 1789. Deceased January 1791.

Robert-Cavendish, born October 24, 1791.

Harriet, born February 1793. Deceased the month following.

Georgiana-Charlotte, born August 13, 1794.

Frederick, born in April, 1798. And

Another son, born December 21, 1799.

WINTER.

MUST, O Winter, these fields, these enamelled meads, that boast their variegated hue, yield to thy rigid, unrelenting hand? Must all those umbrageous aspiring oaks, these gay trees around, be stripped of all their beauteous verdant foliage, and be left desolate and bare to all the fury of the raging wind?

Ah! thy rigid approach hastens; nought can retard it. How all nature saddens! Both herb, tree, and flower, languishingly droop their heads. Now no more the fluctuating air bears through the groves the soft mellifluous warblings of the plumy people, nor any more is the listening ear rapturously pleased with their notes; they all have fled thy frigid, withering hand, to visit milder climes, where other groves their sweetest influence own.

See! Now gloominess overspreads the north sky; and direful Boreas beats vehemently against the craggy rock and hill, and the dun leaves descend in whirling eddies to the brown earth; and often rain or hail comes rattling down, or oft the fleecy snow doth softly fall.

Now, when all nature yields nought to the eye but a barren prospect both far and wide, the groves and forests, bereaved of their leafy honours, invite not the mind to roam—Now is the time, whilst leisure doth allow, to indulge sweet contemplation by the sparkling flame, and to read o'er what poets sung, and what the acts of ancient days.

Now frosts and snows cover the earth, and the rivers, rivulets, and ponds, full brimming, swelled by the autumnal rains, forget to flow, fast bound in icy chains: hail, sportful time, long wished for by the youthful crowd, whose chief delight it is on your transparent surfaces to fly along.

How desolate and forlorn do all things appear, so rendered by thy power, O Winter! But soon thy reign will be over, and one unbounded all-prolific spring once more spread verdure over this wide world.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXV.

I COMMIT the following letter to the press as I received it. I hope Mr. *Oldcoat* will never be a *turn-coat,* and then he need not be ashamed of his principles. I wish it were in my power to promote the objects he has in view; and surely if every sense of duty, every feeling of generosity, is not extinct in his family, the giving publicity to this letter will be attended with the best effects.

"*Careless-Row, October* 1.

"My dear Old Lady,

"This comes with my kind respects to you, hoping you are well, and that you will long live, and continue to instruct the ignorant, and to caution the inexperienced of your sex, of which, God knows! there is no lack, notwithstanding the advantages of education, and our boast that we live in an enlightened age. I wish I had known that you was capable of travelling, and liked a little summer jaunt, by way of change: I should have felt myself proud, indeed, to entertain you in the best style my moderate circumstances would afford; and for every attention in my power, I am sure I should have been amply recompensed, by the benefit of your advice. With the return of fine weather, should we both be able to winter it out, I intend to do myself the honor of giving you a particular and pressing invitation to visit my Margery, and to see if your good sense can make any impression on her, which my plain sense cannot; and in the meanwhile let me request you will listen with patience to the history of my wrongs, which, though not unusual, perhaps, in this sad world, are sufficiently trying, and well deserve the serious consideration of a benevolent mind like yours, that studies to instruct and reform.

"I am a middle-aged man, of sober and industrious habits, whose pride it is to owe no person any thing but good will, and who would sooner go in rags, and live on bread and water, than be afraid to face a creditor. In short, my pride of independence is so great, that I hate to ask a favor of any one, limited as my income is; and such is my love of punctuality in performing every engagement I have entered into, that I never yet had the mortification to make an apology for neglect, or to ask indulgence, where I had once made a promise. These, you will confess, are not bad principles; yet I am sorry, very sorry to say, that they gain me little credit with those who are daily experiencing the benefit of them, and that they even expose me to many domestic altercations, which I would gladly avoid, could it be done with a regard to my duty and honor, which with me are always considered as paramount obligations.

"You must know, my dear Old Lady, that I am about ten years younger than Margery, who being on her last legs, snapped me up when a raw and inexperienced young fellow; and having two or three hundred pounds to set against my rank in life and industry, thought herself privileged in being idle; as if it were not as much a wife's duty to labour for the maintenance of a family as a husband's. We have had many words on this subject, I must confess; but as she would not submit to be taught her duty by one who was younger than herself, and, in spite of all my arguments, was more intent on spending than saving, I found myself obliged to work double tides, or else sink into poverty and contempt. Too great attention to business, however, increased by domestic uneasiness, in length of time had very injurious effects on my health; and had it not been that I saw two boys and a girl wholly dependent on my exertions, I verily believe I should have ceased to struggle for life, and prayed for death as a blessing. I hoped, indeed, that the duty and affection of my children, would have compensated for all the injuries I had submitted

submitted to for their sakes, and all the privations I had undergone to serve them. But, alas! in this very reasonable expectation I am likely to be disappointed, as well as in my former ones. If the children, who are now nearly grown up, were to follow my advice, and adopt my principles, Margery feels it would be a reflection on her own conduct; and though she knows they have nothing to depend on but what I earn, or save for them, she spirits them up to resistance, even when I am urging their own interest; and justifies their extravagance, merely to vex and distress me.

Peg, my girl, who never can in this world have a fortune of more than five hundred pounds, (and that is more than her mother had,) in spite of my remonstrances, is such a fine lady, that, when I sometimes meet her, unexpectedly, in the street, being rather short-sighted, I am afraid to speak to her, thinking it must be the rich heiress of Madam Trallybubs, our neighbour; or the daughter of Sir Thomas Codd, who made a fortune at Billingsgate, and retired to enjoy it near where I live. To be sure, as times go, a girl must dress a little; but as Peg has neither beauty nor fortune to recommend her, I am always telling her, she should study to adorn her mind rather than her person; and that if she is neat and clean, she will be better thought of by young men of sense, than when she affects finery, unbecoming her situation and prospects.

But this is not all, (for I would allow a daughter to be a little influenced by her mother, provided she did not go too far;) this is not all, my dear Madam; for Margery wishes to take the direction of my eldest son, Neddy, likewise; and if she is suffered to go on, she will make him as arrant a coxcomb, and as useless a fellow, as ever encumbered the earth. Here we are at issue, and in this I am determined to make a stand. Neddy, when three or four years younger, was a quiet, dutiful lad; though he had always a smatch of his mother's pig-headedness in him; yet I

promised myself much pleasure in his society, and much assistance from his services. I took care to give him a pretty good education; and though my circumstances would by no means justify it, I put him to a genteel business, and was willing to distress myself, rather than prevent his prospects of doing well in the world. But all my care seems to be useless, and my dearly-earned money misapplied. Instead of being ambitious to distinguish himself for abilities in the line he has chosen, and to make himself estimable to others, and acceptable to me, by the qualities of the heart, he is fond only of dress and idleness; and seems to consider me as of no other use, than to supply him with the means of making himself ridiculous and contemptible. When I remonstrate, he is sullen; and when I point out the necessity of diligence and economy, he is backed by his mother to despise my suggestions. In a word, as if he were ashamed of the name he bears, he will scarcely deign to put on an *old coat*, and seems ashamed to be seen with me in my simple and modest dress; though he derives from me whatever importance he can claim, and has no expectations but from my paternal regard. When I think it quite sufficient to be neat and clean, Neddy, though he knows I dislike it, and the world only laughs at him for his setting up for a beau, must be dizened out in his best clothes, as if he were going to a ball, or expected to make his fortune by his foppery. Would you believe it? The other day, when I asked Farmer Clodpole to take pot-luck with me, Neddy came down stairs as fine as if he had expected to sit down with Emperor Buonaparte; and seemed, by his looks, to say, "I am the only gentleman at table." Though Neddy, however, is an undutiful and an ungrateful fellow, I must blame myself almost as much as Margery, for helping to make him a coxcomb. Last year, when it was settled by our rulers, with whose decisions I never meddle, finding I have enough to do of my own, that every lad of the age of seventeen, and upwards, was to be

trained

trained in his parish to the use of the firelock, pike, or fork, I did not much like that he should have two miles to walk to attend exercise; and finding that I could make interest to get him admitted into a volunteer corps, I applied to friend Spindleshanks, who had been just made a captain, to receive him into his company; when the Captain, wishing to oblige me, made him at once a serjeant, in consequence of which, you know, he has the privilege of wearing a sash, and carrying a halbert. I was at the expense of fitting him out, though I say it, as handsomely as any young man in the corps to which he belonged, thinking his duty would keep pace with my indulgence; but, to my sorrow, I find, that ever since he wore a red coat and a sash, he is become a greater puppy than ever; and is almost as headstrong and untractable as the animal which sometimes goes by his name. But I will be master, that I will, in spite of Margery and him, both. If he will not follow my advice, which, I vow and protest, tends only to his own good, I shall withdraw my support, and then he will soon know the value of my protection.

"As for Tim, my youngest son, if his mother, and the example of his brother, do not poison his mind, and corrupt his manners, he is a boy after my own heart, saving and active, and satisfied with what I can afford to allow him. In fact, he is my only comfort; and it will go hard with me, indeed, should I be disappointed in him too.

"Pray my dear, dear Old Woman, write a paper, enforcing the obedience of wives to their husbands, and the duty of children to their parents. Tell them that, in these times, they ought to be thankful if they have a person, like me, who labours to keep want from the door, and who is willing to supply them with whatever my means, and their situation, require. It is mortifying to do well, and to suffer ingratitude. I feel this most sensibly, while I subscribe myself,

"Yours to command,

"JABEZ OLDCOAT."

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLER.

[Continued from page 240.]

EAGER to hear the conclusion of a story, in which I took no small degree of interest, I arose at an unusual early hour, and found Mr. Clifton already in his garden, cleansing a beautiful parterre from weeds.

"I believe," said he, "Mr. Franklin," after the usual salutation of the morning, "I left off in that part of my history where no intelligence was to be obtained of my child. I will now describe to you the treatment she received from her vile seducer, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words. You, who beheld the debilitated state of my poor Caroline, may judge that her afflictions must have been great. The author of them, however, has now paid the debt of nature; and my resentment against him ought to be buried in the grave. Accident, it seems, informed him, that I was acquainted with his history; and as villains of every description seldom are brave, he bought a commission in a regiment that was going to India to avoid the punishment due to his crimes. The despicable woman whom I had engaged as preceptress to my daughter, was nearly related to this unprincipled young man; and it was at her instigation, that he went down to Brighton; and through her persuasions it was, that my Caroline was undone. To this agent of iniquity Dillon had promised a fourth part of the legacy which he knew was the property of my daughter either upon her marriage, or coming of age; but as little dependance is to be placed upon the word of the abandoned, a promise was all the reward she received; and he actually set sail without her knowledge, leaving her to discharge his expences at the inn. Specious, as were the manners of this unprincipled libertine, his temper was violent to an extreme; and my poor Caroline, who had never

never had a harsh expression used to her, was the unhappy victim of his unconquerable rage. Gambling was a vice to which he had always been addicted; and he gave unbounded scope to this passion during his voyage.

"If my daughter ventured to remonstrate upon the impropriety of his conduct, the consequence of it was a torrent of abuse; and, instead of that affectionate tenderness which she had expected to receive from him, he treated her with overbearing insolence and contempt. Amongst the passengers on board the ship, was a Colonel Macpherson, a man no less unprincipled than Dillon himself; and who, seeing the contemptuous manner in which my poor Caroline was treated, took every opportuity of testifying his regard. The despicable wretch, who ought to have been her guardian and protector, appeared to encourage those assiduities which no married woman ought to receive; and he would frequently rally his *supposed wife* upon the conquest which her attractive charms had made. Painful as it must have been to her, to find she had lost Dillon's affection, yet she had a much greater trial to sustain; for she actually overheard a conversation which filled her with horror, yet was fortunately the means of putting her upon her guard. He had lost a great sum to Colonel Macpherson; and, to induce him to cancel the bond which he had given him, he consented to his intrigue with my child, whose virtuous mind shrunk with horror at the bare idea of such iniquity, yet who scarcely knew how to avoid the precipice on which she stood. Conceive, if possible, the dreadful situation she was reduced to; about to land in a foreign country, without one companion, or friend; and not only deserted by the man in whom she had placed implicit confidence, but her person offered to be sold for the purpose of discharging his debts! Yet let me not presume to arraign the dispensations of Providence; let me rather bless the directing

power

power which restored to me my child. The bare idea of what she suffered, at this distant period unmans me. Even you, Mr. Franklin, are affected; judge then what I must feel. But my poor girl never told her betrayer she had overheard his conversation, yet behaved to the Colonel with additional reserve.

" So delicate was her conduct, so pure were her principles, that no man, unless he had been a professed libertine, would have dared to offend her: but Colonel Macpherson soon began to take those improper liberties, which every modest woman will resent. It was in vain that she threatened to expose his conduct to her husband; for he ridiculed the idea; called her his *lovely, sanctified prude;* and openly avowed the strength of that attachment, in which he seemed to glory, but of which he ought to have been ashamed.

" As the abandoned Dillon was pay-master to the regiment, upon his arrival in India, large sums of money, of course, passed through his hands, and enabled him to indulge that passion for gaming, which in no instance had ever been attended with success. Grown desperate at length, by a run of ill-fortune, he not only doubled, but trebled his bets; and, by this phrenzied mode of conduct, involved himself in that ruin with which he was soon overwhelmed. To remain any longer in the regiment became impossible. His commission was sold to discharge government debts; yet again his specious manners proved an introduction to good fortune, and obtained for him the friendship of an Eastern Chief. Being master of several languages before he went into that country, he very easily acquired the one which was spoken there; and by unremitting assiduity and attention, soon contrived to win the affection of his patron's child. Love, that pure refiner of our feelings, was a stranger to this monster's breast; but passion supplied its place. Struck, as he had pretended to have been, with the charms of my daughter,

daughter, it was her fortune, not her person, that he was anxious to gain; and as soon as he discovered that I was acquainted with his former marriage, he foresaw the frustration of all his interested designs.

"The engagement which he had entered into, he knew could not be binding; all he wished for, therefore, was, to throw my poor Caroline off his hands; and as Colonel Macpherson avowed himself ready to be her protector, he resolved to place her under his care. Under pretence of taking possession of a place the Chief had bestowed upon him, the unfeeling monster bid adieu to his supposed wife; and, to add to the iniquity of his conduct, at the time when she was several months gone with child.

"From the time of my unfortunate girl's landing in India, Colonel Macpherson might be almost said to live at her house; and, upon the abandoned Dillon's leaving her, he took up his constant residence there. Scarcely had this villain been absent a fortnight, when this identical letter was put into her hands; and you will not be astonished, when I tell you that the perusal of it completely deprived her of sense.

To Miss Clifton.

"Start not, my dear Caroline, at an appellation to which you have not been accustomed for sometime: as manœuvering is allowable in the art of war, I think the same degree of latitude ought to be given to the plans of love.

"Nature, my dear girl, would never have endowed us with passions, had she not designed them for our happiness and delight; but the antediluvian notions which you have imbibed from your governess, and your father, have contracted into a narrow focus the expansive powers of your mind. That I have deceived you, Caroline, was a misfortune, rather than an intentional injury; for I loved you to distraction; and, to have possessed your person without the

previous *ceremony*, I knew would be an attempt which must blast all my hopes.

"But what is that *ceremony?* let me calmly and dispassionately ask you. A mere form, to gratify the avarice of priests. A bond, merely to bind the bodies of the dissimilar together, whilst the mind is searching after a reciprocal mate. In the opinion of the contracted, my conduct may appear culpable; but *nature*, Caroline, has endowed you with a superior mind; exert then its powers; call in the aid of reason, and become worthy of the title either of *Mistress* or *Wife*.

"Many months previous to my introduction into your father's family, chance threw me into the company of one of the most beautiful creatures my eyes had ever beheld; my affections were engaged, and without her I found it impossible to exist. Slight was my knowledge of the world at that period, or I should not have been guilty of a folly of which I have had so much reason to repent. In short, I suffered a certain form to be muttered over me, without attending to a single word the fellow said. Yet this form, my dear Caroline, I have found the law considers valid. But when I gave my hand to you, I was told my wife was dying; at least, that it was impossible for her to survive many days. I would not have waited the event of her dissolution, to have become master of the world. I received your hand, and pledged you my affection. But who can account for the 'wayward wanderings of the heart?'

"My *Wife*, (for by that appellation the *law* ordains that I should style your predecessor,) instead of dying, has thought proper to take a new lease of her life; and your father having heard of my former engagement, has written a variety of letters, which, from delicacy to your feelings, I have suppressed. In short, he not only condemns your act of disobedience, but most sacredly swears that he will never acknowledge you for his child.

"Now,

"Now, Caroline, I am coming to the *ultimatum* of this epistle; which is to tell you, that Colonel Macpherson is captivated by your charms; and is not only ready to take you under his protection, but will settle upon you for life, *two hundred a year*. As a married woman, you might, perhaps, shrink from this proposal; but, to reconcile this supposed crime to the purity of your conscience, the ceremony between us must have been incorrectly performed; as the laws of England are very different from those of this country, where the natives are allowed a plurality of wives.

"I need not tell you that Dame Fortune has acted most treacherously by me; for you must already know that I am a ruined man. Judge, then, how incapable I am of supporting you; and rejoice that Macpherson is ready to take you off my hands. The appointment I have lately received, was entirely conditional. The women of *color* are, in general, extremely partial to *white men;* and the daughter of the Chief who has taken me under his protection, has given me the most decided proofs of regard. To slight an affection so ardent and tender, would be completely foreign to the feelings of my heart: but in this case, *self-interest* urges me to a compliance with her wishes; for the very means of existence comes through her hands.

"Farewell, my dear Caroline: may a greater portion of happiness await you than it is in my power to confer: and to hear that you have not dashed the cup of felicity from you, will afford pleasure to

"Your devoted humble servant,

"C. Dillon."

"The senses of my unfortunate Caroline forsook her before she came to the conclusion of this infernal epistle, which none but a demon could have had the heart to have indited to the being whom he had promised to cherish and to love. Macpherson, though

a professed libertine, was not lost to a sense of humanity; he felt for the dreadful situation to which the object of his affection was reduced, and all the advice which the country would afford, he spared no expense to procure. Her illness was tedious, but a good constitution surmounted it, and she gave birth to the infant you beheld in her arms; and Macpherson, finding he could not obtain the gratification of his wishes, agreed to pay her passage home; previous to her leaving the country, she heard of the death of her seducer. A fever, incident to the climate, cut him off in a few days. Dreadful must have been the reflections of such a man in his last moments, for his whole life had been spent in a succession of atrocious crimes.

"The dread of that resentment which Dillon had described as so formidable, prevented the dear girl from flying to my arms. Her little stock of money was reduced to the last farthing, when the merciful hand of Providence directed us to St. Paul's." Here Mr. Clifton closed the eventful history of his amiable daughter, which it was almost impossible to listen to without tears. With how much purity could I have pressed the lovely sufferer to my bosom, and sympathized in those sorrows which had so deeply wounded her heart!

As Dillon's former marriage was only known to Mr. Clifton, and his respectable confidant Mr. French, he resolved to introduce her as a widow, to the generality of his friends; and such she truly was in the eye of heaven; for no crime could be attached to a being who had been so cruelly deceived. I felt an anxiety to see this unfortunate young woman; and, upon my expressing it to her father, he promised me that satisfaction in the course of the afternoon. In the mean time he offered to call upon my uncle, for the purpose of discovering whether my letter had ever reached his hands; and I remained for two hours in that unpleasant situation which is generally occasioned

occasioned by a state of suspense. I endeavoured to read, without being able to command attention. I then tried to amuse myself by examining a choice collection of flowers; but my whole soul was occupied by the idea of being introduced to the brother of *her* from whom I derived my birth.

The animated countenance of my kind friend, who joined me in the garden, convinced me that he had pleasing intelligence to impart. "It is exactly as I suspected, (said he, in a tone of exultation;) for your letter was never delivered into my old friend's hands; and that artful girl, fearing you should rival her in Sawbridge's affection, resolved to prevent you from coming near the house. That the *designing*, sometimes are caught in their own trammels, is an observation that has been frequently made; and if I may judge by the indignation your uncle testified, this will prove your pretended relation's case." So saying, he informed me, that Mr. Sawbridge was anxious to see me without delay.

As I entered the hall, I was met by the being who had endeavoured to injure me so deeply. Artifice and deception sat smiling on her face; and I could scarcely help asking myself whether a creature so young in years could be so old in iniquity; for she did not appear to be more than nineteen. Mr. Clifton accosted her with an air of familiarity, and said, that I had business of a private nature to transact with Mr. S——. She therefore passed on, without following her intention, which had evidently been to accompany us into the room.

"My dear fellow, I am happy to see you!" exclaimed my uncle in a tone of delight. "This is a satisfaction I did not expect to receive: but it was your father who put a stop to all intercourse between us. However, I will not condemn the conduct of one who is now no more." As the description of a family conversation can afford very little entertainment, I shall merely say, that, at the close of it, Mr.

Sawbridge requested me to shew him the letter I had received. "This was a *sly trick* of my SUKEY's, (said he, smiling as he returned it to me:) but the poor girl, I suppose, was fearful I should love you better than herself. However, (continued he,) I do not like deception; and I shall give her a good trimming, I assure you on my word."

Mr. Clifton looked at my uncle with a glance of astonishment, as much as to enquire what was become of his indignation and rage. "I can't bear *malice*, (said he,) my friend; and, perhaps, she only meant it as a frolic, but we will hear what she has to say for herself." He then rang the bell, and ordered the servant to tell his *mistress*, a gentleman wished to enquire after her health.

Mrs. Sawbridge entered the room with as great an air of consequence as if she had had a legal title to the name. "Sukey, my love, (said he,) I suppose I need not introduce you to that young gentleman; for I find you corresponded with him, though without my leave." How low did the mighty fall! Never was confusion greater than that which overspread the beautiful Susan's face; for beautiful she was; yet that was her only attraction; for she had given a convincing proof of the depravity of her mind.—"Me correspond! I am sure I never *see* the gentleman; and that he can say if he choose to speak; but I am always having some *ill-natured* thing told of me; and more shame of *you*, to mind what people say." As she laid the emphasis upon *you*, agitation seemed suddenly converted into resentment; yet she burst into a copious flood of tears, which completely softened the old gentleman's feelings; and drawing her gently towards him, he sealed the reconciliation with a kiss; but thinking, I suppose, that his friend would condemn his folly, he reverted to the subject of the letter again.

Whether Miss Susan had entered into an epistolary correspondence with any young gentleman of a different

ferent nature to that on which she had addressed me, it would be difficult to determine; for she certainly had not a suspicion of what he alluded to when she first came in; and treacherous as was the part she had acted, she seemed relieved by finding that it was the letter she had written to me that she was summoned to give an account of. With that depth of artifice which the cunning so readily resort to, she at first pretended it was merely a joke, to see whether I had a real regard for my uncle; and in spite of the prohibition, should venture to the house. "And another reason I had, (said she,) which I am ashamed to tell before these here gentlemen; I was afraid, my *dear Sawby*, he should rob me of *your love*."

"Aye, you little coaxing baggage! (rejoined he, casting upon her a look of dotage;) but that is the way you always come over me. Do you think my heart is so very contracted, that I can only love one person at a time?" This kind of conversation was so completely disgusting to Mr. Clifton, that he arose with an intention of taking leave; but my uncle would not consent to part with us, unless we promised to return again, and dine. My friend easily perceived how affairs stood with the old gentleman; and desired me to contrive, and leave them together in the afternoon, that he might enquire whether he had remembered me in his will; or whether it was his intention to make any provision for me previous to the event of his death.

Never did I form an engagement with less satisfaction; for I could not bear the idea of associating with that artful girl; and I was provoked at seeing a man, whose understanding was so enlightened as my uncle's, completely the dupe of *design* and *finesse*. I had likewise promised myself the pleasure of drinking tea with the amiable Caroline; but this gratification I was compelled to forego, as it would have been highly imprudent in me to have offended my relation on the very day that I had been introduced.

Three o'clock was the hour appointed, and a most excellent dinner was prepared. Every dish that was praised, my uncle took an opportunity of informing us, had been dressed by his little Sukey's hands. About an hour after the repast was ended, I availed myself of the hint I had received from Mr. Clifton, under a pretence of joining my aunt; an appellation which my friend jocosely bestowed upon her whenever he wished to provoke me. Never had I conversed with a creature more illiterate; but she seemed not a little pleased with the attentions which I paid; and, before our *tete à tete* concluded, she informed me, that she should endeavour to persuade my uncle to let me live in the house; "For I assure you, Mr. Franklin, (said she,) I never *seed* a young gentleman that I took such a *fancy* to in all my life. You must not, however, be over and above civil to me; for that would undo all our schemes; for to let you into a bit of a secret, my husband, as I *calls* him, is as jealous as *Old Nick*; and mayhap might fancy I had a *hankering* after you; but *lock a daisey!* 'tis no such a thing."

As the *enchanting fair one* made this declaration, she gave me one of those expressive glances, which it is impossible to misconceive; and as nature did not happen to form me in a mould of frigidity, I unceremoniously gave her a rapturous embrace; and at the same time assured her, that I thought my uncle *one* of the most *fortunate* men in the world. I availed myself, however, of the hint which the lady had given me, when my uncle entered the room, and treated the object of his affection with as much *respect*, and *formality*, as if she had been eighty years old. Tea being ended, he invited me into his library, and in the kindest manner enquired what were my views; but completely ridiculed the idea which ignorance had suggested, of travelling over my native country, for the purpose of knowing the world.

"You

"You can only become acquainted with the world (said he) by mixing in society; and you would acquire very little knowledge of it, I assure you, by this Quixote-like scheme. You seem an intelligent young man, notwithstanding the disadvantages you have laboured under, and I should like to do something for you whilst I am alive"

"I had every advantage, my dear Sir, which education could bestow upon me, (I replied, mortified at hearing even an indirect censure thrown upon the memory of the parent I had lost;) but my father, you know, had some few singularities; and amongst the number, was that, of never suffering me to quit home; yet he was the best, the kindest, and most indulgent of parents; and I have reason to love, and venerate his name."

"Well, well, we will not talk about him, (rejoined Mr. Sawbridge;) for we never were on very amicable terms: however, I like you the better for that filial affection, and only wish I had been blest with such a son. You are too young, Franklin, to live a life of idleness; and as to your rambling over England in search of adventures, that is a devilish foolish scheme. My friend Clifton seems to have taken a great liking to you; and if you have no objection to being a merchant, I will place you with him. I do not mean to invite you to live in my family: for, to tell you the truth, I should be afraid of my little girl; as I think she might prefer a young man to an old one; and *never brave danger*, is a rational remark. Your poor aunt brought her up, I may say, from an infant; and the pretty creature knows all my ways; and though I do not mean to be fool enough to marry her, I consider her in the same light as a *wife*."

I joyfully accepted the proposal made me by my uncle; for Mr. Clifton was a man whom I highly esteemed; and from his conversation, I was persuaded I might acquire much more knowledge, than I could by solitarily rambling over the world. I was

no less pleased at the idea of not residing in Mr. Sawbridge's family; for not one drop of the patriarch Joseph's blood flowed through my veins; and I was aware that I should be led into those temptations which frail human nature might not be able to overcome.

Upon our joining the company, Susan's enquiring eyes seemed to ask me, whether there was a chance of my living in the house: for illiterate as I had found her in general conversation, she appeared perfectly to understand the language of love. Eagerly did I long for the following morning, on which I was promised to be introduced to Mr. Clifton's amiable but unfortunate child; for whom he had taken a lodging about a mile and a quarter from his country-house. Emaciated as was her form, yet the sweet expression of her features had made a strong impression upon my heart; but I scarcely could credit the evidence of my senses, when I beheld the alteration which a few days had produced. Though she appeared embarrassed upon her father's introducing me to her, yet every action, and every look, bespoke the woman perfectly well-bred; and when I drew a comparison between her and the depraved Fanny Middleton, I could not help asking myself, how it was possible I could have been so easily duped. Oh, modesty, thou most lovely of female attractions, how powerful, how enchanting are thy effects! Even thy very semblance charms the man of feeling, and produces an indescribable emotion in the breast.

As sympathy agitated my heart when I reflected upon the sufferings of the amiable Caroline, my eyes involuntarily expressed what I felt; but the lovely girl, instead of appearing pleased with this mark of sensibility, absolutely seemed to shrink from my gaze. How frequently did I embrace the child for the sake of its angelic mother! I would have given worlds to have been blessed with the office of its nurse, merely for the pleasure of being near the di-

vine Caroline, towards whom I felt all the tender anxieties of love. Nature had formed my breast for this interesting sentiment, and pity is allowed to be the sister of love. In short, whilst Mr. Clifton gave me the history of his lovely daughter's sufferings, the little urchin was aiming his arrows at my heart. Three hours fled away with the rapidity of moments, when a servant informed me a gentleman wanted to speak with me at the door. I, of course, concluded it to be Mr. Sawbridge, and was not a little surprised at seeing Thompson there.

"We have *nabbed* them at last, Sir, (said he, in a tone of exultation.) I knew Madam Orme was at the bottom of that affair." "What affair?" I inquired, not forming an idea of what he was alluding to. "Of your being robbed the other evening by one of her gang. However, you must come with me to the Justice's, for your watch was actually found upon Middleton; so that you have only to swear to the number, and the maker's name."

That my landlord had some secret animosity against these deceptious characters, every part of his behaviour had proved; and, upon my inquiring why he was so much prejudiced, I found that Lord Wellingborough had been nearly ruined by the gang; and this worthy fellow had such a hearty contempt for every species of deception, that he thought it a duty incumbent upon him to bring iniquity to light.

A young man of family, who had only a few days before quitted Westminster-school, accidentally got acquainted with the abandoned Mrs. Orme, and, according to the fashionable phrase, was completely *pigeoned*, by a party of her associates, at the Pharo bank; and his father, exasperated against wretches who lived by plundering the unsuspicious, applied to a magistrate, and had them all taken up. Thompson happened to be passing through Bow-street as the whole party alighted from a hackney-coach; and his attention was immediately attracted by a large

seal

seal which hung from Middleton's pocket, and which he positively swore to be mine; and, to convince the magistrate that he was right in the declaration, he requested the prisoner might be detained until I came.

Though a summons before a magistrate was no new thing to the vile procuress, yet the unfortunate Fanny Middleton never was there before; and the dread of being sent to Bridewell, filled her mind with a thousand terrifying fears. Her confusion was so great at seeing me enter, that I every moment expected to behold her drop from her seat; and I could not help feeling compassion towards a beautiful young creature, whom the arts of seduction had reduced to that dreadful state. "Oh, Mr. Franklin, for pity's sake plead for me! (said she, in a voice of supplication, which penetrated to my heart.) If you have a grain of compassion in your nature, save me from the horrors of a prison, and take me out of that woman's power!—Ah, Sir, (continued she,) did you know what a mere child I was when I first knew her, you would pity the creature whom her artifices have undone."

The *mittimus* was made out previous to my arrival; but I intreated the magistrate to allow me a few minutes conversation with him in another room, for the purpose of persuading him to deal as leniently as possible with this ill-fated girl. The watch I had claimed as my property; but Middleton swore he had bought it of a pawn-broker the day before; he was therefore detained until the man could be sent for; and Orme committed to Bridewell, for keeping a disorderly house. The Justice, in compliance with my intreaties, consented to hear the history of Fanny Middleton's life; and sending for her into his presence, she addressed him in the following words.

"My father, Sir, was bailiff, or steward, to Sir Henry Larkington; and as he had a very large family, her Ladyship offered to pay for my school; and, by

by her directions, I always used to spend the vacations at the hall. There it was that I first saw the woman who has been my ruin; for she was sister to Lady Larkington's maid, and generally came down into Lincolnshire about the latter end of the year. Though it may appear vanity in me to say, that, as a girl, I was reckoned handsome, yet I was told so twenty times in a day; and so ready was I to listen to that kind of flattery, that I began to fancy I should marry some gentleman of rank. The insidious Mrs. Orme used to be continually painting the pleasures of London in those glowing colors, which could not fail to delight; and, when I was about fourteen, offered to take me with her, if I could obtain my protectress's leave. Her Ladyship was one of those fashionable women, who leave the sole management of their families to servants; and Mrs. Orme's sister might have been more properly styled the *mistress* of the house; for her word was law in it, and every servant was obliged to obey her commands. Though, in appearance, she had all the purity of a Lucretia, yet her mind was completely depraved; and if she was not too prodigal of her favors to Sir Henry Larkington, her character was unjustly traduced. The partiality with which I was treated by her Ladyship, at once excited both her envy and spleen; and those unfortunate attractions which nature had bestowed upon me, she flattered herself would be the means of bringing ruin upon my head. It was this vile woman who first persuaded her sister to invite me to London, well aware that my virtue would be assailed upon my first entering her house; and so deep were the stratagems which were practised upon my innocence, that I must have been something more than mortal had I not fallen.

"Conceive, Gentlemen, for a moment, a young creature trepanned to London, who had not completely attained her fifteenth year; and whilst pleasure courted my acceptance from every quarter, principle,

ciple, and propriety, were treated with contempt. Upon my arrival at the abode of iniquity and ruin, I was introduced to a merchant, who, to gratify my wishes, set no bounds to expense; and to him I sacrificed my honor and reputation, and remained under his protection upwards of two years. The sudden death of this gentleman threw me a dependant upon this abandoned woman; she demanded eighty pounds from me as a legal debt; and though I was persuaded Mr. D— had long before paid it, I had not the power of disputing her claim. By way of cancelling the obligation I was under to her, she again proposed my living at her house; and to whom could a wretch like me fly for protection, ruined, neglected, and unfortunate, as I was?

"For a length of time I literally was sold to the highest bidder. The profits were hers; yet I received my board; but at length I began to see the folly of this engagement, and insisted upon it that I should always receive half. Either my person, or conversation, happened to please the generality of her visitors: in short, I was considered as the pillar of her house; and with shame I acknowledge that, in my turn, I received gratification from endeavouring to make the unsuspicious my dupes.

"The being who takes one step in the path of vice, can never presume to say, I will go no farther; for it is difficult to say where they will stop. *You*, Mr. Franklin, have reason to execrate my conduct; but whilst I was acting that treacherous part, I often felt the stings of remorse."

(To be concluded in the next.)

ON POLITENESS.

TO render an action the object of complete approbation, it must not only be good in itself—it must likewise be performed in an handsome manner. Decency should attend Virtue inseparably; and we should endeavour to verify the opinion of Cicero—that they cannot be disjoined from one another, but in idea. Every sentiment which we feel, has a mode of expression natural to it; whether we respect our voice, our words, our features, or our gestures.

The sentiment, and the expression appropriated to it, are joined together, in our imagination, by that principle which produces the association of ideas. Being accustomed to see them together, we form in our minds, a connexion between them: when one appears, we expect the other to follow it; and though it does not, we still imagine it to exist.

It is remarkable, that when two ideas are associated in the imagination, we communicate to the attendant idea, the qualities of that on which it attends. Because sceptres are borne by kings, we annex the idea of grandeur to that of a sceptre. When a fashion is used by people of quality, we think it genteel. The same fashion, when it is dropt by the quality, and taken up by the peasants, we consider as clownish and vulgar.

From these principles arises the value of politeness; which I define to be, the natural and graceful expression of the social virtues. By means of the former principle, we look on politeness as connected with those sentiments and dispositions which it represents. By means of the latter, we bestow on it the agreeable qualities of which those sentiments and dispositions are possessed.

Considered in this view, politeness is indeed amiable. It is an accomplishment which every one should be solicitous to attain. What can be more engaging than the dispositions it expresses? what

can be more pleasing than its manner of expressing them? Our tempers, formed for society, render us susceptible of the most exquisite delight, or of the most exquisite pain, from the conduct which those we are conversant with observe towards us. In proportion, therefore, as the savage wretch must be odious, who beholds our distresses with an unfeeling indifference, and our pleasures with a sullen insensibility; in the same proportion must he be amiable, whose every action—whose every word—whose every gesture—discovers that his sympathetic breast beats time with ours; and that every emotion which is raised in us, excites a correspondent one in him. Half the miseries which we complain of as the unavoidable portion of human life, might be prevented—and those which cannot be prevented, might be alleviated—our enjoyments might be multiplied—and the pleasure which arises from them might be increased—were we but as attentive as we should be to the situation of those who are born under the same conditions with ourselves. Men are not naturally wolves to men: they were made to assist, not to devour one another.

Politeness may be practised on every occasion; and assumes different forms, according to the different circumstances of time, place, and persons. It accommodates itself to the church, to the play-house, to a ball; in company, in business, in amusement. It is never unseasonable. If conversation is instructive, politeness embellishes it: though it is trifling, politeness makes it tolerable. A man of sense, who is morose and uncomplying, is more disagreeable than a person of inferior abilities, but of elegant manners.

It is of importance to distinguish politeness from a pretender, which sometimes assumes its appearance, but arises from a very different source. The pretender I mean—is foppery. A man of politeness expresses in an handsome manner, the emotion he feels. A fop piques himself upon counterfeiting the natural expression of passions, of which his unfurnished

furnished soul is unsusceptible. When a polite man makes a bow, he discovers his respect—when he congratulates the fortunate, he only speaks the concording sentiments of his own heart; when he commiserates the unhappy, he only utters the genuine declarations of compassion and humanity. A fop, on the contrary, will take an opportunity of shewing the skill of his dancing-master, by bowing to you with a studied formality, while he secretly hates you: he will pour forth the torrent of congratulatory phrases, which he has taken pains to learn by rote, while he envies your success; he will lament your misfortunes in an aukward form of condolence, and will laugh at them as soon as he is gone from your presence. He is an hypocrite in politeness, and should meet with the contempt that all hypocrites deserve.

But in no instance is the difference between a polite man and a fop more striking, than in their conduct towards the ladies. The delicacy, the timidity, the beauty of the fair sex, require that they should be respected, protected, caressed. They were designed an help-mate for man; and every principle of honour demands that they should not be losers by those for whom they were made—that they should be treated with all imaginable tenderness by those to whom something would still be wanting in creation, without this last—best gift of heaven. A man of politeness is sensible of those things; and his whole behaviour to the fair discovers that he is so; but it makes this discovery in a manly and unaffected manner. He can praise a lady's beauties, without using the word—angel; and can make love to her, without expressing himself in a strain of adoration. These low arts he thinks unworthy of him; as he would the lady who is silly enough to be captivated with them. These are the arts, however, by which the fop flourishes. He has been told, that "flames," "darts," "die," "languish," are mighty pathetic words; and that they are sufficient

to soften the heart of the most obdurate fair. He has been told likewise, that it reflects honour upon a man to be on good terms with the ladies. Hence that superabundance of fulsome impertinence which the weak part of the female sex so much admire, and which the sensible part of it so much despise. The vain coquette thinks it inexpressibly pretty to be praised from morning till night; and to hear the gentlemen talk in eternal raptures of her charms. Little does she consider, that those who address her in this manner, do so only because they think it pleases her; and that those who think it pleases her, must have but a very ordinary opinion of her understanding; and, of consequence, must, in reality, entertain sentiments concerning her, very different from those which they express, and which she is weak enough to believe sincere, when she hears them expressed. This will be the case, at least, with a man of sense, who sometimes sports away an idle hour in her company. The fop, indeed, will not make any remarks on her character; for he wants discernment: but as he flattered her only to be thought well-bred, and to do himself honour—not her, he will leave her when he has finished his tale of compliments; and will, perhaps, take the first opportunity of gratifying the ill-nature usually found in little minds, by saying as many spiteful things of her as he can invent.

As there are some who aim at politeness, without giving themselves any trouble to acquire and cultivate those good qualities with which it is connected, and from its connexion with which, it derives its beauty and merit; so there are others who possess those good qualities, and even call them forth vigorously into action, while they despise and neglect that politeness which adorns them. An aversion to that extreme which I have already animadverted upon, has, perhaps, produced the other, which I am now going to expose. But this is very far from being a sufficient justification of it. One may easily avoid

avoid ostentation, without falling into moroseness; and there is no necessity of commencing a cynic, in order to preserve one from the imputation of being a fop. There is a mean betwixt the disagreeable characters: This mean should be observed; and when it is observed, it will be applauded.

If a man is generous, it is foolish in him to destroy the merit of his generosity: and yet I have known a favour conferred in such an ungainly manner, as to leave it in great doubt, whether the person on whom it was bestowed, ought rather to have felt gratitude for the kindness shewn him, than resentment for the indignities with which that kindness was attended. Good offices performed in this manner, are more likely to create enemies than to gain friends. What shall we assign as the reason of this odd conduct? Shall we account for it by saying, that those who observe it, have a mind to try what effects generosity, unassisted by the adventitious properties of complaisance, will operate upon those in whose favour it is exercised? This will by no means prove such conduct to be reasonable. I observed, in the beginning of this paper, that our imaginations form a connexion between those things which we see usually joined. Now incivility usually springs from disregard or contempt. If, therefore, we observe the former, what is more natural, than to infer the latter from it? And, if we are convinced of the latter, what, again, is more natural, than to resent it? The blame of such resentment, then, will fall rather on him who occasions it, than on him who feels it. Why should we strip Virtue of her charms? why should we shew her in an unamiable light? Are her votaries too numerous? is their love to her too great?

On the other hand, when a person adorns his generosity with politeness—when he discovers, by his delicate manner of granting a favour, his sense of the merit of him on whom it is conferred, and that he deserves to be placed above the reach of good

offices of this nature—how must he, who is the object of so much goodness and respect, burn with love and gratitude to his kind benefactor! How must he be pleased to receive all the effects of generosity, separated from the mortifications with which it is sometimes accompanied!

It would be easy to trace, and to describe, politeness as it appears in the outward forms and ceremonies of behaviour, in the choice and management of conversation, and in many other instances; which I shall, perhaps, enlarge upon in some future paper. I shall, at present, content myself with having discoursed generally of its nature, of the principles on which it is founded, and of the beautiful lustre it reflects upon those virtues from which it derives its merit. C.

REMARKS

On various inferior Sources of Anxiety, and on the Secret of living happily.

TEARS and complaints are among the sources of relief that lie open to the afflicted and unfortunate. Those people who can vent their grief in either of these ways, feel less oppression of spirits, than those who conceal their misfortunes through a temper of pride, or cherish their sadness, under such a close contexture of heart, as cannot readily let loose its sorrows. But we meet with innumerable ills and vexations in the world, about which it would be weakness to sigh, and indelicacy to complain.

An epicure, in dining with his friend, sometimes finds no dish that suits his palate: the cookery may in every respect be different from what he relishes. To be sure, he is placed in a situation which, to him, is a very unpleasant one. Nothing could vex him more, and yet he must not complain. He must disguise his feelings, or he will offend those of his friend.

An

An old man, connected with a young wife, whom he dares not quarrel with, is perpetually exposed to vexations, which he cannot even mention, without being ridiculed. His natural disposition may be sullen and reserved; and those characteristics may be heightened by age and infirmity. Her temper may be peculiarly gay and volatile; and her desire of company, and amusement, may be increased by living with a husband whose character and wishes are so different from her own. Both of them feel a state of uneasiness, which they can neither hope to escape, nor cease to lament: and yet their disquietudes are of such a nature, that any complaint would excite contempt rather than pity. The evil admits of no remedy; it meets with no compassion. It can be no mark of discernment for persons voluntarily to plunge into a situation so tedious and hopeless.

The secret of living happily depends very much on knowing how to avoid the description of evils to which I allude. In the choice of intimate friends and companions, a man will fall into disagreeable mistakes, unless he acts with great discernment and caution. A similarity in circumstances, a coincidence in political sentiments, and many other causes, may induce men to form circles of acquaintance, into which, perhaps, not a single ray of real friendship ever penetrates. A man should not number among his particular friends, those persons with whom he becomes acquainted only through accident or convenience: if he does, he will commit an error, that will involve him in all the difficulties I am exhorting him to shun. Before any man is recognized as a familiar associate, he ought to give unequivocal proof that he possesses purity of principles, and generosity of heart. There should be a resemblance in taste and habits between those who often come together for the relaxation of their mutual cares. When there is a disagreement in this respect, their scenes of mirth and festivity will soon degenerate into

into sullenness and discontent. It is not material that there be a similarity of age, understanding, or natural temper: it is only requisite that their habits and inclinations should be formed with a view to similar modes of gratification. Nothing is more common than for an old man to be less sprightly and enterprising than his young friend, and yet both may take delight in the same course of business and amusement. A man, prone to silence and gravity, may be happy in companions of an open, unreserved temper. If they are both alike well-bred, and familiarised to like customs, their difference of temper may probably never prove a source of much vexation to each other. But persons living together will soon disagree, if they have been accustomed to a different style and manner of enjoyment, and have modelled their taste and fashions by a different level of circumstances.

When I visit my friend, it is of no importance to my happiness, that he should know as much, or talk and laugh as much, as I do. But if he gives me bad wine, and a dinner not so well dressed as I could have got elsewhere, I undergo a vexation against which I have no remedy. This shews how much of our pleasure in life depends on avoiding habitual familiarities with persons who will incessantly counteract our prevailing taste and inclination. I may view a man with respect and veneration for his talents and virtues, and yet no degree of acquaintance may be able to interest any of the tender sentiments of my heart. We may both applaud each other for our respective good qualities; but we must commit force upon ourselves, if we attempt to pass a social hour together.

It cannot be too much contemplated, how many of the irksome moments of life are occasioned by incidents that appear too trifling to be ranked in the catalogue of misfortunes. No man could ever move one sensation of pity in the breast of another, because his

his partner chose a different hour of dining, or a different sort of provisions, from himself; and yet many a man has suffered more actual vexation from such a cause, than he probably has realized in all the losses and disappointments that have perplexed his plans of business.

When a man is assailed by those heavy misfortunes which engage the attention of mankind, he may flatter his pride by the manly fortitude he discovers, and assuage his grief by the tender sympathy he excites. This source of consolation, however, is not open to a man, who is vexed and mortified by a thousand untoward accidents, which embitter every moment of his life, and which he cannot think of, without sentiments of shame; nor declare, without exposing himself to derision. Men may be so incessantly teazed with incidents of this stamp, as to fall into habits of peevishness and caprice, and become a torment to themselves, and those with whom they associate. I have seen two men, who, from motives of convenience in business, became partners; their taste in living was so opposite, that they were never both pleased with precisely the same thing. It is incredible, how a petulance of temper grew upon them, and how soon they disliked each other as companions. It was no relief, under such vexations, that they were both sensible, well-informed men, and both sustained an excellent character. Had one of them been a fool, and the other a wise man, they had probably lived more harmoniously together, if their taste and habits had coincided better. These reflexions will, I hope, lead my readers into an examination of the causes that contribute to happiness and tranquillity. I am confident, that, with a little precaution, men may make life pass away more agreeably, and escape innumerable sources of disquietude, in which a great portion of the human race is involved.

CLERICUS.

Religion and Superstition Contrasted.

RELIGION supposes a knowledge of the Deity, his perfections, and government; of ourselves, as rational, moral, fallen creatures; of the way in which offenders may be restored to the divine favour; and of mankind, in their various relations to us. It consists in an unreserved regard to the duties resulting from our nature and condition, and the relation in which we stand to other beings. It is "a reasonable service." As it is founded in knowledge, so it enlarges the mind, exalts and refines its powers, and gives them their just direction and employment. Religion, conscious of human weakness, rests on Divine revelation; but, in examining the evidence, design and meaning of revelation, admits the aid of reason. It is calm in its enquiries, deliberate in its resolves, and steady in its conduct. It cherishes modest and humble thoughts, is open to light and conviction, and labours for improvement. It is mild and peaceable in its disposition, sober and temperate in its manners, candid and condescending to others. It studies to promote love and union among men, in civil and in religious society; reprobates none for trivial differences; attends chiefly to things of solid importance; and regards, as the friends of God, all who do so, whatever name they bear. It condemns vice, and the errors that lead to it; approves virtue, and the truths which promote it, whether in friend or enemy. It aims to please the Deity, by a constant observance of his injunctions; and, under a sense of revelation, penitently relies on mercy, through the grand atonement provided. It is firm in danger, uniform in duty, content with the silent approbation of the heart, and a consciousness of divine approbation, humbly trusting in the wisdom and equity of the supreme government. In a word, Religion improves the intellects, rectifies the will, sweetens the temper, calms the passions, gives peace to the conscience; and renders men courteous, friendly,

friendly and beneficent to each other, and useful in every relation.

Superstition is a kind of inconsistent, trifling scrupulosity. It discovers itself in a fervent zeal for and against matters of indifference, or small importance, while things of real weight are overlooked. It lays stress on practices that have no connection with virtue, and opinions that make no man wiser or better, and have neither evidence to support them, nor usefulness to recommend them; and rejects those that have both. In the expressive language of sacred writ, "it strains at a gnat, and swallows a camel." It springs from ignorance of men and things, from false notions of the Deity and his government, and absurd conceptions of the nature of piety and virtue. It is guided by the traditions and opinions of men, more than by sober reason, and plain revelation. It is credulous in some favourite matters; in others, blind to argument. It is hasty in its judgment, and rash in its conduct; vain in its opinion of itself; fond of show and parade; attached to a party; censorious of others; and apt to make divisions and separations in society, under pretence of superior wisdom or sanctity. It justifies in its favourites, what it condemns in every body else. It is fierce and malignant in its temper; stiff and obstinate in its sentiments and practices; much given to complaint of persecution from others, yet unmercifully cruel towards them, and scrupulous of no measures to make proselytes, or extirpate opponents. It is dark and suspicious, gloomy and sullen, timorous and irresolute. It fears imaginary evils, and trusts in imaginary means of security. It attempts to commute for the neglect of essential duties, by great severity, and punctilious exactness, in little things; and labours to placate an offended Deity, and conciliate his favour, by arbitrary, unrequired, useless, unavailing observances. In a word, superstition fetters the understanding, depresses the spirits, embitters the temper, disturbs the passions, and spoils the manners.

J. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. CORNELLY,

THE CELEBRATED PRIESTESS OF FASHION.

WHEN destructive amusements steal among society, in defiance of the guardians of our morality, it is necessary to hold them up to public view, for the animadversion of such as are likely to suffer from their influence.

Vice needs but to be ſeen, to be abhorr'd.

And admitting this principle, every attack upon our national manners is better resisted by exposure than suppression. It is no extenuation of vicious actions, to say they are upheld by Fashion. Blindly to follow this changeable divinity, and enter with her into her paradise of fools, is seldom the way to a happy end, as many miserable men can at this moment testify.

The lady we are about to delineate, was this goddess; her orgies were the heaven of the dissipated. At her fane, the libertine could indulge uninterruptedly in ephemeral gratifications. With her, the voluptuary might aspire to the zenith of his wishes; and the thoughtless bacchanalian drown his few intellects in the most costly productions of the vineyards; or, without apprehension of a spy upon his conduct, revel away the night, and insult the blushing star of the morning.

Mrs. Cornelly, the subject of the following memoir, was by birth a German, and at a very early age became a public singer. She was the delight of Dresden, and in high estimation at the Imperial Court, from whence she went into Italy, and soon acquired, under the best masters, those inexpressible graces, for which no country is so justly celebrated. About forty years since, she came to England in the

suite of a British Nobleman, who had promised her his protection. Being of an enterprising spirit, possessing a good understanding, great knowledge of mankind, and of specious manners, Mrs. Cornelly presently contrived to raise herself into public notice, and obtained the patronage of the fashionable world to all the amusements her taste and fancy could suggest. She had now laid the foundation of her fortune; and to make that desirable object complete, opened a magnificent temple in Soho-Square, and called it after the name of her first benefactor, Carlisle-House. Her splendid scenes soon became the favorite resort for the nobility and fashionables within the metropolis. She had so diversified, and so well contrived, her amusements, that no public place could pretend to rival their attraction; and she was now in a way of prosperity beyond her most sanguine expectations; but not contented, like the fool in the fable, with her golden egg every day, she killed her goose to seize at once upon immensity. In addition to her already unrivalled brilliancy, she introduced Harmonic Meetings; becoming, at once, a competitor with the Managers of the Opera, who took the alarm, and strove, by every means in their power, to counteract the successes of so formidable a rival. A part of her friends presently withdrew themselves; and those attached to the interests of the Opera Managers, on the ruins of the old *Savoir Vivre* Club in Pall Mall, raised the new Coterie: subscriptions came in from elevated quarters to support this new temple of fashion and pleasure, and in less than three weeks their fund amounted to four thousand pounds. Chin Hughes was made their croopier; and Captain Harry C——— they placed at the head of the treasury. This was the first shock, and Mrs. Cornelly felt it; but, like a skilful general, forced for a moment to retreat, she soon rallied her forces, attacked the enemy in the most vulnerable part, and gained a complete victory. The lady

smiled upon the treasurer. Mrs. Cornelly rejoiced at the success of her plan, but her exultation was of short duration; for the Opera Manager, enraged at the defeat, lodged an information against her for unlawful proceedings before the Bow-Street magistrates; in consequence of which, notice was privately sent from Sir J. Fielding to Mrs. C. acquainting her, that application of a serious nature had been made respecting the impropriety and unlawfulness of her amusements, recommending her to regulate her conduct in future, or Mrs. C. would hear from Bow-Street in another way. From this condescension on the side of the magistrate, the lady concluded she might deal, with safety, the card that generally turns up a trump. A purse was delivered to a trusty friend, with a letter addressed to Sir John Fielding, Knight, requesting his acceptance of the sum within, and that his worship would be pleased not to be too severe in looking into the conduct of a defenceless woman, who only endeavoured to gratify the wealthy, the high, and the fashionable, and from whose amusements the lower orders of society were wholly excluded. But Fielding was incorruptible; and, instead of accepting the purse, sent his *posse* at a most unfortunate moment, for the promenade was just began. The variegated lamps for that night were doubled, and fed with a most delicious perfume, equal to Egyptian luxury, where pleasure prepared the banquet for a Cleopatra:

> Out of the earth, a fabrick huge
> Rose like an exhalation, with the found
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.
> ——— From the arched roof,
> Pendant by subtle magick, many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
> With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
> As from a sky.

In the middle of the area was raised a capacious bower, composed of vine leaves and artificial roses, in the centre of which stood an altar with a flame

thereon. At a signal from the band, a large groupe of maskers, composed of gentlemen performers from the theatres, and others, entered like Comus and his crew. Mr. Vernon sang an Anacreontic composed for the occasion, the rest the chorus; and thus the first scene ended.

The company was superb and numerous, the masques whimsical, and every thing in the highest taste. At the top of the walk was a hermitage, from the side of which issued a real cascade; from this recess Guadani, the singer, came forth, attired as the hermit of the cave: his song was charming; but, alas! just in the middle of his quavers, the police officers entered, and bore him off in a manner so theatrical, that the company conceived the attack part of the evening's entertainment. However, Guadani got bail, and was liberated, on a promise of never appearing again as a public character in these Soho amusements. But, to return; the bacchanalian crew had been joined by Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Daisey Walker, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and commenced the third act by approaching the altar where the flame was burning: each man held a torch in his right hand, and a goblet in his left; and, on a signal being given for the dance, they suddenly thrust in their torches, which were quickly lighted. The revels then began; their cups overflowed with wine; and what with their singing, dancing, and drinking, nothing could be more ridiculous or displeasing. However, had they contented themselves to stop here, no notice had been taken; but there was no method in their madness: they all, as if moved by one impulse, rushed from the bower, and flew to the square. It had struck five o'clock, and a long train of Calvert's drays were going on their occasional duty; the bacchanalian masques fell upon the drivers, beating them with their lighted flambeaus, till a general engagement ensued. The guardians of the night were gone away: the noise increased, the inha-

bitants were alarmed, up went the windows, and, though at that early hour, all was mob, riot, and confusion. Victory, however, declared in favour of the knights of the bung, who played their parts so well with their horse-whips, that Fitzgerald and Walker were completely flogged out of their shoes; for they were seen retreating down Greek-Street bare-footed, and as fast as their legs could carry them. My Lord lost a jewelled repeater of 100 guineas value; and the men in twilly armour drove away in triumph; and many of our young gentry, and green sprigs of nobility, got a drubbing, that probably they may remember to the last day of their lives.

To return to the temple; by this time the company had disappeared, except a few young men of quality, who had found their way under ground, and continued drinking till nine o'clock. Nothing could shame the inebriety of these deluded fools; and though the sun soon put the variegated lamps out of countenance, yet nothing could shame these inordinate topers. Perhaps few noticed the beauty of the effect; but the conscious shame which the lamps confessed upon the approach of the great luminary of day, was very pleasing; they diminished in their lustre as the sun advanced in his. It was a good moral for those who chose to adopt it.

The reputation of Mrs. Cornelly began rapidly to decline; and the Pantheon opening in all its splendour, now put the period to that Lady's consequence: her creditors began to grow clamorous, and she was at length obliged to relinquish the concern, and seek in concealment a refuge from legal prosecution. She remained in obscurity for many years, under the name of Mrs. Smith: and here our readers will no doubt learn with surprise, not unmixed with risibility, the strange transition in her fate; for she, who had been so long the *leader of fashion,* became literally the *superintendant of asses*; for she kept a house at Knightsbridge, and was a vender of *asses' milk.*

In

In this situation she still retained a desire of resuming her former pursuits, and for this purpose ornamented a suite of rooms, in order to have occasionally a public *dejeune* for people of fashion. The manners of the times, however, were changed; her taste had not adapted itself to the variations of fashion; and, after much expence, employed in gaudy and frivolous embellishment, she was obliged to abandon her new scheme, and find out an asylum from her creditors. She had a son and a daughter, to whom she gave all the accomplishments of modern education. The son was tutor to Lord Pomfret. He was a very amiable man, and an excellent scholar; this gentleman allowed his mother an annuity till his death. The daughter, who is still alive, under another name, has long been patronized by some noble families, who knew her mother in better days. The Lady Cowper left her an annuity; and her musical talents still procured her an easy introduction into the best circles: but the unfortunate Mrs. Cornelly ended her life in the Fleet Prison.

Such was the fate of this once celebrated woman of fashion, whose melancholy exit holds forth a warning to imprudence; for with common discretion she might have closed her life in affluence.

ON THE LOSS OF A BELOVED WIFE.

HOW joyfully do we disencumber ourselves from the shackles of society, for that close and sublime intercourse in which our inclinations are free, our feelings generous, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutuality of thought and action, of pleasures and of pains, uninterruptedly prevail; where the gentle hand of Love conducts us along the paths of truth and virtue; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation, and succour, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents, and in all the misfortunes of life! The *happy pair*, casting a retrospective glance on the time passed, mutually exclaim, with the tenderest emo-

tions, "Oh the delights that we have already experienced! Oh the joys that we have already felt!" If the tear of affliction steal down the cheek of the one, the other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The sorrows of one are felt with equal sensibility by the other: and what sorrow will not an intercourse of hearts, so closely and affectionately united, entirely subdue? Day after day, they communicate to each other all that they have seen, all that they have heard, all that they feel, and every thing that they know: Time flies before them on his swiftest pinions; they are never tired of each other's company and conversation. The only misfortune they fear, the greatest, indeed, they can possibly experience, is the misfortune of being separated by untimely death. But human happiness is continually exposed to interruption. At the very moment, alas! when we vainly think ourselves most secure, Fate, by a sudden blow, strikes its unhappy victim even in our arms. All the pleasures of life seem then for ever extinguished, every object alarms our mind, and every place seems desert and forlorn. In vain are our arms extended to embrace our loved though lost companion; in vain do we invoke her return. Her well-known step still seems to beat upon the listening ear, and promise her approach; but suspended sense returns, and the delusive sounds are heard no more. A death-like silence reigns around, and involves us in the shades of dreary solitude, unconscious of every thing but our bleeding hearts. Wearied and dejected, we imagine ourselves no longer capable of loving, or of being beloved; and life without love, to the heart that has once felt its pleasures, is more terrible than death. So sudden a transition from the highest happiness to the deepest misery, overpowers the mind; no kind friend appears to assuage our sufferings, or seems capable of forming an adequate idea of our distress: the pangs, indeed, which such a loss inflicts cannot be conceived, unless they have been felt. The only consolation of the unhappy sufferer is to live in solitude, and his only wish to die alone. *Z.*

REAL AND PRETENDED LOVE CONTRASTED.

Ev'n Love itself is bitterness of soul;
A pensive anguish, pining at the heart;
Or sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.

THOMSON.

THERE are few things more different, either in themselves or their effects, than real and pretended love: the one, the source of the tenderest enjoyment, and the most pleasing emotions; the other, of misery and discord, of upbraidings and complaint. It would, perhaps, be difficult to determine, whether the one has been productive of most pleasure, or the other of most pain. Many, who have felt the tender transport in "all its joy," would as readily coincide in one opinion, as those whose hearts have been wrung with bitter anguish, the consequence of a misplaced attachment, would to the other. Certain it is, that the fatal effects of love, when not mutually entertained in the bonds of honor and affection, are continually presenting themselves to our view.

It is a painful reflection, that our public prints, which "catch the manners living as they rise," and collect the mischances, the prosperity, the follies, the crimes, and the good deeds, of some, for the amusement and criticism of the rest, are, in these times of civilization and refinement, so frequently stained with relations of suicide—a crime which can never fail creating, in a feeling and sensible mind, the utmost horror and detestation; mingled with pity for the unhappy subjects of so dreadful an infatuation. Our commiseration is not lessened, when we come to understand who these hapless, self-devoted victims are; to find that so desperate a crime is not confined to those who, having forfeited their lives to the offended

fended laws of their country, rush on death to escape public ignominy; not confined to those who, dragging out the remainder of a miserable existence, precipitate themselves into a grave which is already gaping to receive them; nor to those hapless mortals who are no longer under the guidance of reason: these would, perhaps, excite less of our wonder and our pity: but how frequently are we presented with the striking picture of those in the prime of youth and beauty, when the world and its pleasures must, if ever they do, appear in their brightest colours, wilfully rushing on self-destruction, to escape an accumulation of misery, which they find it impossible any longer to endure!

The mind will naturally endeavour to discover the evils which have power to put it in so desperate a train; and the cause almost universally assigned, when youth is connected with it, is Love. The mischances of fortune, we are apt to suppose, would hardly take such deep root; the youthful mind, naturally careless of wealth, sees in the future, time sufficient to surmount even greater difficulties: parental severity too, if undeserved, will rather kindle resentment, than overwhelm with despair: our conjectures, therefore, always rest in placing it to an unfortunate attachment—the fatal effect of a misguided and unhappy love.

And is it LOVE—the sweet soother of our cares—the source of tender delight, of the most heart-felt enjoyment—is it Love which must be considered as the author of such exquisite misery, that self-slaughter is preferable to enduring it? Strange perversion of the name! Love is productive of far contrary effects—It seeks, with unceasing assiduity, the happiness of the beloved object. With those who are under the influence of this delightful passion, every trouble is mutually felt, and every pleasure mutually enjoyed. 'Tis a sweet solace in adversity, and the chief joy in prosperity. Without it, and

the

the endearing connections to which it gives rise, the world would be a dreary void, in which little could be found to attract our notice, or engage our affections; without it, the chords of the heart, like those of a musical instrument long out of use, would lose their harmony, and produce nothing but jarring and discord.

Wide as is the difference between real and pretended Love, yet how often are they mistaken the one for the other! For, however base or selfish the *real* motive is, still Love is the constant bait made use of to gain the unsuspecting. The wretch whose only aim in seeking a matrimonial alliance, is to make himself master of another's wealth, (perhaps to squander it at the gaming-table, or lavish on his mistress,) still pleads his heart-felt, his disinterested love—the withered debauchee, who would condemn the charms of youth and beauty to an unnatural union with age and infirmity, can sigh and talk of love—the base deceiver, who seeks his guilty gratification in the destruction of virtue and innocence, still whispers "nought but love" in the ear of the too credulous maid—till, having accomplished his abandoned purpose, he disowns the much-abused name, and glories in his ignominious triumph! Such is the love (if such it can be called) which is the author of woe and despair; and such are they who, under the name of Lovers, fill the unsuspecting breast with corroding care, and then, regardless of every tie of honor or humanity, forsake a scene of misery which they themselves have created, in search of new victims. Fancy may paint the gay deluder, surrounded by pleasure and gaiety, whispering nonsense to his simpering listeners, whilst protestations of the love he bears the sex flow from his perjured lips; whilst the ill-fated object of his seduction, overwhelmed with shame and despair, is led first to destroy her helpless infant, and then, unable to bear the collected pressure of shame, of guilt, and remorse,

morse, to seek, in the extinction of her miserable being, a refuge from a load of anguish too insufferable to bear. Happy were this only a dream of fancy—but, alas! it is a dream, how often, and how fatally realized!

The mind, in contemplating such a picture, is divided between pity for the hapless female, and indignation against her vile betrayer: yet base as these may appear, they will still present to the world an unblushing front, and be highly offended, if their honor (which has been the pandar to their vices till not a vestige remains) is not considered as binding as ever: for these are "all, all honorable men!" so *honorable*, that, upon the least imputation being cast upon this idol which they blindly adore, they will hazard their life in its defence; will expose their breast to be pierced by the bullet of their adversary; that unfeeling breast, which was impenetrably shut to the dictates of compassion; to the pleadings of one, who, but for a misplaced love, had been innocent and happy; who, however inexcusable her conduct to others, might there, at least, look for pity and regard. These, too, would be thought men of feeling—Feeling? yes! their passions will be roused, and they will break out into the most violent declamation, should their taylor have made an unfashionable cut, or their hair-dresser have put an unbecoming curl, while they can hear the cries of distress, which themselves have occasioned, with the most inflexible apathy. Ye base deceivers! how preferable is your hatred to the poison of your love! And what, after all, is your vaunted courage? Ye are surely the worst of cowards—for the ferocious tiger will dare the perilous combat in defence of his mate, and its young ones; while ye, who boast the feelings of humanity, leave them exposed to the scorn of an unpitying world, to shame, to misery, and to death! Happy are those who can see through your detestable artifices, and repay them with deserved scorn and contempt!

Love

Love may be compared to a river, which, when kept within its prescribed bounds, flows gently on, gladdening the fields, and making them fruitful; enlivening the face of nature, and dispensing blessings in its course. But mark the contrast, should angry torrents swell it into a flood! it breaks down its banks, and sweeps away all before it with ungovernable fury: the late smiling earth now presents a scene of desolation and ruin; while the hapless husbandman views, with vain regret, the fruit of his labours overwhelmed in the unpitying tide. So one may suppose a parent, who has marked with fond delight his daughter's modest beauty and encreasing charms, and beholds them now arrived at maturity under his protecting and fostering hand — yet, should the tempest of unlawful passion usurp the place of serenity and virtue, how soon may his joy be turned to sorrow! his tears of transport to tears of unavailing grief!

" ——————— a cruel spoiler came,
" Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
" Then cast it like a loathsome weed away!"

Nor will the woe attendant on her dishonor be confined to the breast of a parent—the daughter will at least have her full share. In vain may she, with heart-felt grief, look back on those hours of innocence and pleasure, the very remembrance of which causes a gleam of sunshine in her forlorn bosom; 'tis but for a moment—and the recollection of what she now is, will be rendered more bitter by thoughts of the past: her countenance, once the seat of simplicity and beauty, becomes disfigured by conflicting passions: the enchanting modesty, too, which once adorned her, soon vanishes, and cannot be recalled—it is an amiable guest, which, when spurned away, indignantly refuses to return.

How different is the scene which presents itself where Love glows in either bosom with equal force, and equal purity! The mutual attachment is inviolably

lably preserved in the strictest bonds of honor and virtue; and they look forward to the endearing tie which shall unite them till death, with indescribable emotions of delight. However humble their lot, they find in the affection of each other, a richer source of felicity, than in the applauses and admiration of a giddy world—they see in their children, their present joy and future comfort, and peace and happiness smile around them.

HENRICUS.

October, 1804.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

A PRINCESS of Prussia having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which paid a high duty at Stetin, the place of her residence, a custom-house officer rudely arrested them, until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks. On his entrance into her apartments, she flew at him, seized the merchandise, gave him two or three cuffs in the face, and then turned him out of doors. The mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King having read the memorial, returned the following laconic answer.

"The loss of the duties must be placed to my account—The silks are to remain in the possession of the Princess—The cuffs with him that received them. As to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant: But it is of itself null; for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer."

(Signed) FREDERIC.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

A Sarsenet quilted Hat, turned up in Front, and ornamented with Flowers. A Sarsenet Pelice, lined with Amber, and trimmed with a deep Black Lace. A Walking Dress of Cambric Muslin, trimmed with Lace round the Bottom. Buff Boots.

FULL DRESS.

Head fashionably dressed, with Lilac worked Muslin. A Pink Crape Half Dress, trimmed with a deep White Lace over a Train of White Sarsenet. White Gloves, and Shoes.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

THOUGH it is my sincere wish that some one more able would take up the subject which I now propose to dwell a little upon, yet, for fear that should not be the case, I cannot forbear noticing, through the same channel in which it appeared, an animadversion upon a pretended censure of Pope, which was inserted in your last Number, page 227. I feel convinced, Mr. Editor, that you could only admit it into the pages of your entertaining Miscellany, in order to provoke a reply; and although it is very properly called "a feeble effort," yet it ought not to pass without some attempt to defend the memory of so admired a writer from the impotent attacks of such a would-be critic.

I am aware, however, that there is little merit in undertaking such a defence, or in attacking such an antagonist. It is the difficulty of an enterprise which makes it glorious; and there is little difficulty in defending a Poet whose name will be revered while there remains one whose mind can be enraptured with poetic beauty, or his ear listen with delight to the magic of tuneful numbers; and I will venture to say, that, though HONESTUS may write till his papers form a pile as high as Pope's monument, yet will he never persuade the British fair to "discard him from their libraries."

It is but a poor way of seeking favor, to endeavour to gain it, not by any meritorious endeavours of our own, nor by any well-meant desire of exposing an ungrounded calumny, but by traducing the merits of others. When this kind of disposition has place in the mind, the most transcendent flights of genius will

will be levelled with the lowest ribaldry; the object being to gain a kind of temporary exaltation, by being shrewd enough to find out faults where others could only discover beauties. But who will thank these honest pains-taking people, who labour, impotently labour, to tear away the laurels which an admiring nation has placed on the brow of genius? Not those who can enter into the delights of poetic beauty, and be transported to ideal scenes, carried thither by the mere force of the Poet's imagination; not such as he of whom the Poet speaks;

"Thou, who can's't thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
"As the great masters of the song inspire,
"Can's't bend enraptur'd o'er the magic page,
"Where desperate Ladies desperate Lords engage;
"Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods, the fierce contention share,
"And heav'n and earth hang trembling on a hair."

GIFFORD.

But now let us see what this "Libeller of the Sex" has said:—the lines which comprise it are these:

"Men, some to pleasure, some to business take;
"But every woman is at heart a rake."

The preceding line is surely a sufficient indication of the Poet's meaning; quite foreign to the coarse interpretation *Honestus* has so industriously put upon it: it evidently means nothing more, than an insinuation that the fair sex were more particularly attracted by the gaieties and elegancies of life than the men; that a certain *gaieté du cœur* was a distinguishing trait of their character, rather than that thoughtfulness, and deep study, which often distinguish the other sex. Men he considers as divided in this respect; some finding their enjoyment in fashionable folly; and others, in the accumulation of wealth, or the researches of literature; while he considers the ladies as universally admiring and approving those easy gaieties, and more pleasurable amusements, in which they often appear to so much advantage. Men are naturally prone to be absorbed

in whatever they make the favorite object of their pursuit, to a degree which renders their deportment too serious, and begets a gloominess or solemnity of mind, often painful to themselves, and always irksome to others. According to some Divines, (for I also may quote the fathers,) the opposite, the diametrically opposite, disposition of the female, was that, principally, in which she is a "help meet, or fit, for man:" her native cheerfulness of heart, or constant impulse towards the indulgence of joyous or pleasurable ideas, and to avoid those of a melancholy hue, or which tend to render life undesirable, constitutes the "cordial drop" in man's cup that sweetens his existence; and no man will think that, in the following sprightly lines of one of Pope's contemporaries, the Poet has carried the matter beyond his own constant experience:

"When the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
"The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
"Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
"Raises his spirits, and charms his ears.

And is this the formidable charge which is to make the frowns of the fair rest upon the memory of the Poet? In truth, this is all; whilst their smile (observe the modesty ever attendant on superior abilities!) is to be bestowed on this champion of female honor, who boldly stands forward to attack the ashes of the dead. I am, however, of opinion, that *Honestus* has weakened the cause he meant to defend; and that the fair sex will by no means thank him for endeavouring to prove, that one of the most admired of the British Poets has declared, that there was not a single lover of virtue among them.

But, perhaps, *Honestus* is, after all, more an object of pity than censure, and may be under the influence of some lovely, but frail fair-one, who, conscious that "rake," in the gross sense in which he has taken it up, is her own character, feels her mind rankle with the satiric dart, and has seduced her

her Inamorato by prudery, and a species of affectation he is not able to penetrate, to become her champion; thus accomplishing her two-fold purpose, of venting her rage against the Poet, and making her own, the common cause of the sex. Or, perhaps, (it is many an *honest* man's case,) poor *Honestus* is subject to a domineering spouse, whom he had offended by sometime daring to repeat the obnoxious line, with a direct, or indirect application to some point in her own conduct, and the attack on Pope, in your last Museum, is the *amende honorable* which she has insisted on his making, as an atonement for his rebellion against her female state and dignity.

However these things may be, he has engaged in a service, which will hardly procure him the approbation of the reputable part of your fair readers, who, cheerful from conscious innocence, and joyous from youthful spirits and native charms, will good-naturedly understand the Poet, as expressing what they feel, and at the same time, warning them to beware the fatal consequences of indulging their propensity to pleasure beyond the strictest limits of decorum, and the most genuine and delicate reserve.

W. J.

ON RURAL LIFE.

IT is only in rural life that a man can enjoy the treasures of the heart, himself, his wife, his children, and his friends. The country possesses in every respect superior advantages to the town; pure air, smiling prospects, pleasant walks, wholesome food, simple manners, and virtuous minds: the passions unfold themselves without injury; the bosom feels the freedom it enjoys, and rests on heaven alone. The miser may be sated with the abundant pleasures which the liberal hand of Nature is there incessantly pouring into his lap; the warrior may follow that image of war, the chace: the voluptuary may cultivate the richest fruits of the earth; and the philosopher may indulge his contemplation in silence and in ease.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm. A Poem. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. 4*to.* 37 *pp.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

That Nature gave to Robert Bloomfield the feelings and genius of a poet, has been acknowledged by thousands of readers; and we are pleased to see in the present Poem, a new and strong proof of his powers. The subject is the Jennerian Discovery of the Vaccine Innoculation, which he has enriched with all the treasures of fancy and pathos. The picture of a boy blinded by the small-pox, historical views of former ravages, and affecting narratives of private misfortune, all contribute to interest the reader for the great discovery, which is to put a final period to the ravages of such a pest. We would not give the poem so improbable a commendation, as to say that it is faultless; but, that it contains beauties, which only a true genius for poetry could infuse, will be felt by every reader of taste. Let the following lines speak for themselves.

"There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along,
Midst infant hills, and meads unknown to song,
And alder-groves, and many a flowery lea,
Still winding onward to the northern sea,
One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n;
Alone she dwelt."

The exquisite beauty, feeling, and piety (a merit which elsewhere appears) of the last of these couplets is beyond all praise. The death of the author's father, by the small-pox, follows, and other family afflictions of the same kind. Among those who narrowly escaped was himself, then a child.

Dr. Jenner is doubtless a man to feel the merit of this tribute of true genius to his discovery, and to estimate it among the highest of his rewards. *British Critic.*

The Life of a Lover. In a Series of Letters. By Sophia Lee. 6 Vols. Crown 8vo. 1l. 16s. Boards. 1804.

The subject of the story is short and simple; the interest arises from the events. Cecilia Rivers, the heroine, is the daughter of a clergyman with a limited fortune, and compelled from this cause to undertake the education of some young ladies. After various disappointments, chance leads her to Lord Westbury's, where she captivates, and is captivated by, his lordship. The latter, in an early period of life, had fallen in love with the daughter of his tutor. He had been permitted to marry her; and at this period she is still alive. Lady Westbury however, vain and weak, was at little pains to preserve the heart she had caught; and, in the midst of flattery and dissipation, lost her lord's early indiscriminating affection. Cecilia leaves Lady Westbury; and after numerous events, in which her health greatly suffers, and one of which is her ladyship's death, she is united to Lord Westbury. Here novels usually end: but the present is continued with unabated interest by a detail of the various methods tried, by secret enemies, and interested relations, to separate them. One of these is, in the event, fatal to Cecilia, though not to their mutual affection.

With respect, however, to the general merits of this novel, we may speak with less reserve. The characters are varied, and well discriminated. The descriptions are often pleasing; and the whole, though somewhat too long, is entertaining.

Critical Review.

Canine Biography; or curious and interesting Anecdotes of Dogs; interspersed with Sketches from Natural History: for the Entertainment and Instruction of Youth. 2 Vols. 12mo. 4s. Boards.

These little volumes are filled with stories of different sorts. In many of them are related the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters; the rest contain such remarks and anecdotes as will lay hold on the attention of children, and excite in them a love of reading. *Critical Review.*

Nugæ Antiquæ: being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original Papers, in Prose and Verse; written during the Reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James: by Sir John Harington, Knt. and by others who lived in those Times. Selected from authentic Remains by the late Henry Harington, M. A. and newly arranged, with illustrative Notes, by Thomas Park, F. S. A. Two Vols. 8vo. 16s. 1804.

To Dr. Harington of Bath, in whose family these papers were originally preserved, the public is much indebted for many curious

and amusing particulars recorded in them. They were published by his son, the late Rev. Henry Harington, with no great skill of editorship, in the well-known volumes, entitled *Nugæ Antiquæ*. These appear to have been twice published before the present edition, for that which we have before us, of the date of 1779, in three volumes, 12mo. is called, in the title, "a new, corrected, and enlarged edition." One material fault, even in that *corrected* edition, is, that no kind of arrangement is given to the contents; not even so much as to place those together that belong to one another. Mr. Park, to whom the care of the present edition has been intrusted, a diligent and sagacious antiquary, has with judgment adopted the chronological order, which (after two pieces of higher antiquity) extends from 1546 to 1611. The miscellaneous articles, thus arranged, occupy the first volume: the second contains Sir John Harington's "Breefe View of the State of the Church", or supplement to Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops, his Discourse that Elias must personally appear, and a sketch of the character of John Lord Harington; with a small collection of Poems, either by Sir John, or contained in the Harington MSS. To give more unity to the work, Sir John Harington (the translator of Ariosto) is made the hero of it. His life, drawn up by the former editor, is improved and illustrated, and the chronological line is closed before his death, which happened in 1612. In consequence of this plan, a few papers, relating to the family at a later period, have been rejected, as well as some other extraneous matters. The former however of these might, without impropriety, have been thrown into an Appendix. A few articles are also added, which are distinguished by an asterisk.

The care of the present editor appears to have been considerable; his notes are numerous, yet neither obtrusive nor prolix, but sufficient to illustrate whatever might require illustration. He has also had the advantage of communications and assistance from our best literary antiquaries, Mr. Malone, Mr. Bindley, and Mr. Douce; whose valuable collections are always liberally opened to those whose researches require their aid.

Among the poetical pieces now added, are some by the Earl of Surrey, not printed with his "Songs and Sonnets," of which the most considerable are five Chapters of Ecclesiastes paraphrased in Alexandrine couplets: Ovid's Epistle from Helen to Paris, translated by Sir Thomas Chaloner, Knt. asserted by a most competent judge (Bishop Percy) to be "part of the series of poetical MSS. collected by the Haringtons." There can be no doubt, that the present edition of the Nugæ, corrected and improved as it is, will be welcomed by such of the public as have a relish for the remains of literary antiquity; and will be considered as a satisfactory proof, how much useful illustration and addition may be expected in Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, when it shall come from the hands of the same editor.

British Critic.

A Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England, and great Part of the Highlands of Scotland, including Remarks on English and Scottish Landscape, and general Observations on the State of Society and Manners; embellished with Sixteen Engravings, by Messrs. Medland, Pouncy, Landseer, and Peltro, from Paintings made on Purpose, by Mr. Garrard. By Colonel T. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire. 4*to.* 1*l.* 15*s.* 1804.

This is a Tour entirely of a new description, though not without its portion of interest to many readers. The writer does not aspire to penetrate the centre of Africa, to measure the Pyramids, to discover a southern continent, &c. but sets out with the train of a Patriarch, the activity of a Tartar, and the perseverance of a German, over bogs and moors, and spacious lakes, is bent on the destruction of game of every description, from the noble roebuck of the hills, to the humble trout of the stream. Great indeed was his success, of which the reader, however he might tremble at the fatigue which obtained it, would doubtless, as we should, have been delighted to partake. Like a skilful general, the author makes each day a regular return of the *killed off*; as, for example: "Returns, six pike, seventeen trout; shot four black cocks, and seven partridges; hawks killed two partridges and three snipes." The following also is a description of one of the Colonel's accidental dinners.

"*A Hodge Podge.*—REMOVE. a roast pike of seven pounds, sauces, greens, rein-deer's tongue, potatoes, chickens.—SECOND COURSE, loin of mutton, black game and partridge, currant jelly, capsicum, elder, garlick, vinegars, pomerade and char, a carving, biscuits, Stilton cheese, Cheshire, butter, and goat's milk."

Who would not have liked to have been one of such a party? The whole is written with much vivacity and good humour. Others must determine whether the author did not occasionally shoot with *a long bow*, but once he talks of killing his mark at the distance of one hundred and three yards. Some pleasant anecdotes are interspersed, and some respectable engravings illustrate the narrative. *British Critic.*

A Biographical Dictionary of the celebrated Women of every age and Country. By Matilda Betham. 8*vo.* 12*s.*

The author had originally intended to publish a work on the subject in four octavo volumes, but the appearance of another production, with the same title, deterred her. She now on a more contracted scale exhibits some of the materials she had before compiled, perceiving that her plan does not interfere with that which has been printed by Miss Hayes. The "Dictionnaire des Femmes celebres."

celebres" has confessedly communicated many useful and substantial aids to the writer, but we have perused the performance with much satisfaction, and think it an interesting compilation of female biography. The whole is written with great impartiality, and great attention appears to have been paid to the authenticity of the information which is communicated. *British Critic.*

Poems, from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens: with Remarks on his Life and Writings, Notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford. Crown 8vo. pp. 160. 7s. Boards.

Among the delicate fruit with which we are sometimes refreshed in our literary walks, we cannot hesitate to class these amatory effusions of Camoens, or rather of his pretended translator. A young Nobleman of the present day, who loves to beguile his more serious labours in cultivating the graces of the Attic muse, here affords a rare and flattering presage of future eminence. This pleasing consideration, and the classical ease and delicacy which characterize the present volume, induce us to dwell on it rather more minutely than its limited size may seem to require.

'Of the *notes*,' the noble writer remarks, 'little can be said. He who comments on amatory verses, undertakes but a limited office. His utmost effort is the citation of parallel passages, unless he substitutes admiration for criticism; a mistake into which, of all others, a translator is most likely to fall.' Let us add, that his Lordship's translations and imitations of these parallel passages are executed with singular neatness and propriety. *Monthly Review.*

The Works of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by Permisson, from her genuine Papers. Crown 8vo. 5 Vols. 2l. Boards.

The title of the "English Sevigné" has generally been given to the fair author of these well-known Letters, and we now find that this was a rank in reputation which she seems to have anticipated. Writing, in 1724, to the Countess of Mar, Lady Mary says, 'The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence.' It is remarkable that, about forty years after this period, a surreptitious edition of some of her letters issued from the press; and the avidity with which they were read, proved that she did not overrate her epistolary talents. In addition to the ease and vivacity which delight the readers of Sevigné, our fair and noble countrywoman displays a mind improved by literature, an extensive observation of mankind, and a judgment matured by habits of reflection. If the world was captivated by the edition of her Letters published

published in 3 Vols. in 1763, (of which an account was given by us in M. Rev. Vol. xxviii. p. 384.) what pleasure may it not reasonably expect from the present work? It was not generally doubted that the Letters of Lady M—y W—y M —u, formerly printed, really proceeded from the pen of Lady Mary: but they came "in such a questionable shape," that, notwithstanding they bore all the internal marks of authenticity, they were not perused with complete satisfaction. The manner in which the copy was obtained was not told; and we are obliged to the present editor, Mr. Dallaway, for dissipating the cloud which hung on that transaction. *Monthly Review.*

Bonaparte, and the French People under his Consulate. Translated from the German. 8vo. *pp.* 379. 7*s. Boards.*

The accounts hitherto laid before the public, respecting the extraordinary person who is the subject of this work, have been for the most part scanty, jejune, and of dubious credit; while, according to the bias of the writer, they have either dealt out the most bitter invectives, or have teemed with the most fulsome praises. The author before us, whether he be German or English, (we should suspect him to be the latter, if he did not discover a tincture of a philosophy which is more generally followed on the Continent than in our island,) claims a considerable superiority over all those who have preceded him in the same course; since he appears to have had favourable opportunities of observing his hero, and to have diligently availed himself of them. In the estimate which he forms of him, as well in a private as a public character, he displays a great compass of information, considerable judgment and discrimination, and very respectable descriptive talents. His dispassionate manner, and studied impartiality, also deserve great praise. A friend to rational liberty and human amelioration, he does not conceal his aversion for the plans and views of the First Consul, for such was his designation when this book was penned; and when he arraigns and exposes them, he does this by analyzing them, and setting forth their real tendency. He abstains from harsh epithets and virulent language, and leaves facts to speak for themselves. He readily admits the claims of Bonaparte to the highest military renown, to unrivalled activity, and to unparalleled dexterity in pursuing his schemes; and no attempt is made to conceal the obligations which he has conferred on the nation over which he rules. If he be exhibited as a dark, designing, crafty, merciless tyrant, who pursues solely the aggrandizement of his power, the picture is composed by displaying the particulars of his conduct, by developing his plans, and by placing his measures in open view. The outlines of his policy are sketched in a masterly manner, his public acts are ably discussed, and the aims which he studies to conceal are made to appear from facts not generally known

known, and from circumstances which had been unobserved by others.—The work presents equal attractions to those who read for pastime, and to those who seek instruction in the important science which weighs and regulates the interest of states and empires. *Monthly Review.*

Elements of Science and Art: being a familiar Introduction to Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. Together with their Application to a variety of elegant and useful Arts. By John Imison. A new Edition, considerably enlarged, and adapted to the improved State of Science. 8vo. 2 *Vols.* 1*l.* 5*s. Boards.*

The first edition of this work was noticed by us in a brief article: but it is now so greatly enlarged that we have viewed it as a new production; and we think that its merits are considerable. Its multifarious information must render this compilation useful and entertaining, for the use of those whose occupations preclude them from deep researches; or for those who, profoundly skilled in one particular department of science or literature, wish not to be ignorant of the rules and principles which prevail in other branches, these volumes are well adapted, and may be very convenient. *Monthly Review.*

Senilities; or, Solitary Amusements: in Prose and Verse: with a cursory Disquisition on the future Condition of the Sexes. By the Rev. Wm. Graves, Editor of The Reveries of Solitude, Spiritual Quixote, Columella, &c. Crown 8vo. *pp.* 315. 6*s. Boards.*

When, in the course of our literary labours, we recognize an old acquaintance, whom we have for many years been in the habit of esteeming, we feel pleasure similar to that which is produced by the unexpected meeting of friends after a long and lamented separation. Such is the effect which we at present experience from the perusal of this production of the Rev. Mr. Graves; whom we now once more introduce to the notice and approbation of the public. Whatever the modesty of Mr G. may intend to intimate by the term '*Senilities*,' we have the pleasure of saying, that there is no part of the volume, from which we should have drawn any unfavourable conclusions respecting the mental decline of the author, or in which we should even have perceived the infirmities naturally incident to his venerable age. The preface is written in his usual manner, with much ease and pleasantry; and he tells us that, as the tedious preachers in Charles the Second's time, when the congregation began to be tired after two hours' listening, would say "*once more*, and I have done;" so we may rest assured that this publication is on his part "positively the last time of performing."

forming." We believe that there has seldom (if ever) been such an instance of performers of this kind retaining their skill and power to please at the advanced period of 86; and we trust that he will avail himself of a common precedent, and appear more last times than one. *Monthly Review.*

Advice to Mothers, on the Subject of their own Health, and on the Means of promoting the Health, Strength, and Beauty of their Offspring. By Wm. Buchan, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Author of Domestic Medicine. 8*vo. pp.* 418. 6*s. Boards.*

This publication displays much good sense and benevolence. The author strenuously maintains the propriety of a careful attention to the dictates of Nature, in the various circumstances of mothers and children; and he contends against those injurious, though too common prejudices, which still exist on the management of children, and on the subject of female health. We shall give a general view of the plan of this work, which we may with great safety recommend to the careful perusal of the judicious parent.

The first, second, and third chapters are particularly directed to the conduct of women before marriage, and during pregnancy and child-birth. The disadvantages arising from the present fashionable mode of living are forcibly pointed out; while regularity, temperance, and a regard to every thing which may preserve the general health, are strongly inculcated. Dr. B. is disposed to prefer the employment of female midwives, because, as their time is less valuable than that of men, they are less likely to give a scanty and hurried attendance: but he requires that they should possess a licence to practise, founded on proofs of real qualifications. The use of cordials in child-birth is strongly and properly reprobated.

Dr. B.'s observations on the Nursing and Rearing of Children, in chap. iv. are divided into Remarks on the Influence of Air; on warm and cold Bathing; Dress; Use of Medicines; Food; Exercise, and Rest. The early and indiscriminate use of the cold bath, or washing, is considered as highly injurious to the delicate frame of the infant; and he is decidedly of opinion, that the temperature of the water employed should at first be that of the body, and be very gradually lowered.

Cleanliness is particularly necessary in the persons and linen of children: but nurses are generally too faltidious about the removal of that slime which covers the bodies of newly-born children, and which easily comes away after three or four washings with a soft sponge and warm water, with a little soap in it.

With regard to dress, it should be simple and easy, and every kind of pressure should be studiously avoided, as tending to produce convulsions, and other serious complaints. The only part of an infant's dress or covering, which may be applied pretty

close, is a broad piece of thin flannel round the navel, to guard against any protrusion there, from the accidental violence of the child's cries. But take care not to make the pressure too tight, or you will not only hurt the bowels, but, perhaps, cause, in another place, a much worse rupture than that to which your precaution is directed.'

The purging off the meconium by medicines, is a favourite but very hurtful and unnecessary practice; because Nature has given the first secreted milk a laxative property, which answers the purpose of discharging that substance much better than the productions of the apothecary's shop. Children should not be continually crammed with food; the mother's milk is at first the only nourishment which should be given them: but pap may be gradually introduced, so as to prepare the way for weaning. 'The mother, after delivery, should be indulged with a few hours' sleep, to recover from the fatigue which she has lately undergone, and to allow due time for the secretion of the milk, before the infant is put to the breast. The child can suffer no inconvenience from this delay. Being replete with blood and juices, he has not the least occasion for any fresh supply of nutriment, till the mother is prepared, by necessary repose, to give him the grateful and spontaneous beverage.'

The remaining chapters of this useful work are occupied with Considerations on Dwarfishness and Deformity; on the baneful Effects of a delicate and enervating Education; on Employments unfavourable to the Growth and Health of Children; on Accidents; on Foundling Hospitals, and other charitable Institutions for the rearing of poor deserted Children; and in giving a Sketch of a Plan for the Preservation and Improvement of the Human Species. In this last, the author recommends, as an encouragement to the rearing of healthy children, that a premium should be granted annually to every mother, in proportion to the age and number of healthy children brought up by her. An Appendix contains a principal part of Dr. Cadogan's Essay on the Nursing and Management of Children, which is now scarce.

Monthly Review.

Cowper illustrated, by a Series of Views in or near the Park of Weston Underwood, Bucks. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This is an elegant tribute to the genius and memory of Cowper; and the Views are accompanied with descriptions of the scenes they represent, and a brief sketch of the poet's life.

The engravings are generally well executed, and the volume may be considered as an agreeable companion to the works of Cowper. Prefixed, as a Frontispiece, is a neat engraving of Cowper's Summer-house, by Storer. The whole forms an elegant, yet a cheap, publication. *British Critic.*

The Apollonian Wreath.

TO POETRY.

BY MR. J. FITCH.

HAIL, gift divine, oh! holy flame,
A wretch profanes thy sacred name;
Yes, dares to sing—Ah! can it be?—
The dear delights that flow from thee.
The hapless youth, who's doom'd to prove
The pangs of ill-requited love,
By the unkind one's form pursu'd,
Retreats to thee, and solitude.
To thee he gives—his soft desires—
His bleeding heart—his amorous fires—
Then in Persuasion's sweetest voice,
Thou meet'st the object of his choice;
Recount'st his hopes—his fears—his pain—
Swift thrilling through each azure vein,
Till the fair bosom of the dame
Feels mutual ardor—mutual flame.
Th' enraptur'd swain implores thy aid,
To celebrate his charming maid;
Then thy soft strains symphonious flow,
Divinest science here below!
Loves, Cherubs, Graces, croud the line,
With Angel, Goddess, Nymph Divine.
Extatic raptures, heavenly charms;
Her frown a hell, and bliss her arms!

But shift, oh! Muse, the amorous scene
To Folly, with fantastic mien;
Extending wide her magic power,
Politely breaking fast at *four*;
Dining at *ten*, or not so soon;
Lo! Cynthia's radiance gilds her noon.
See, too, where flagrant crimes arise,
Provoking Vengeance from the skies;
Accursed Envy, baleful pest!
With big Ambition's haughty crest;
Gaunt Tyranny! Oppression fell!
With numerous, nameless, deeds of hell:
At these the Muse indignant starts,
And levels Satire's keenest darts
In Virtue's cause—her sacred shrine
She ever honors as divine;
Assists her cause—promotes her ends—
Entwines the wreath to deck her friends;
And oft, amongst her thickest foes,
Poetic lightning blasting throws.
When the bold hero from his toils
Returns, to bask in beauty's smiles,
The Muse, to merit ever true,
Prepares the meed to valor due;
Records each high-heroic name
In annals of eternal Fame:
Triumphant from the seven-mouth'd Nile,
A *Nelson*, fraught with Gallia's spoil;
An *Abercrombie*—Ah! she weeps
The glorious chief! he sweetly sleeps,
Who bleeding fell—yet glory's beam—
But why this rambling from my theme?
Celestial theme! with thee I'll rove,
To him for whom seven cities strove.*
Immortal bard! full well he knew
The fountain of poetic dew,
Exhal'd, attracted, and combin'd
In the bright region of his mind,
Thence—But how vain the attempt to tell
How the melodious torrent fell!
There, sweetest nymph! there thou didst shine
In all thy fairest form divine:
Not half so sweet the strains that rung
Through the Elysian meads he sung;
Not so sublimely roll'd above,
The thunders of Olympian Jove.
Peace to his bones—the grateful Muse
Fresh honors o'er his memory strews.

But

* Homer.

But not alone on these fair themes,
Thou, Poesy, shed'st thy sacred beams;
Oh, how sublime, melodious throng,
Thy notes, when tun'd to sacred song!
The soul on Fancy's pinions roves,
Extatic, through Elysian groves;
Anticipating joys above,
The fruits of vast redeeming love.

Clare,
Sept. 1804.

ODE ON WEALTH.

In Imitation of Burns.

LATELY,* in poetic dream,
Chose a vile subject most would deem;
'Twas Poverty—least lik'd, 't should seem,
Where best 'tis known;
But now I chuse a brighter theme,
I think you'll own.

'Tis wealth! which can command with ease,
Whate'er the eye delighted sees,
Or can our wayward fancy please
The world around;
A blessing, every one agrees,
Where'er 'tis found.

Wealth! 'tis the oil to which 'tis owing
The world's machine is kept agoing!
The golden fount with joy still flowing,
And who can doubt it?
Ev'n fools with wealth, are thought more knowing
Than wits without it!

It bids the stately structure rise,
The palace tow'ring to the skies;
Pale Want at its glad presence flies,
And pining woe;
It makes the sorrow-streaming eyes
With joy o'erflow.

Love it begets—for from on high
Jove open'd wide the crystal sky,
And from Olympus' top did fly
In golden shower,
And soon the fair that caus'd his sigh
Confess'd Love's power.

* See page 286.

Whence, by some shrewd ones, it is thought,
A lady's heart is soonest caught
When gold in aid of love is brought;
By which they've known,
A wond'rous change has oft been wrought
In heart of stone.

'Tis vastly tempting, Sylvia owns,
To go loud rattling o'er the stones,
Driving along four smoking roans
With noise like thunder!
And see poor wearied walking drones
Look up, and wonder!

But if, as many will declare,
Wealth begets pride, and pain, and care,
Give me a bosom light as air
From Zephyrs sent;
A cheerful cot, and smiling fair,
And I'm content!

W. W.

SONNET TO HOPE.

COME, placid soother, to my breast,
And lull each anxious care to rest:
'Tis thou canst smooth grief's rugged stream,
And soften life's delusive dream.

When tortur'd anguish racks the soul,
And tears fast flow without control,
Cheer'd by thy voice, and friendly rays,
We trust to thee for happier days.

The wretched culprit, doom'd to die,
When human powers all aid deny,
Thou visit'st in the Prison's gloom,
And bids him look beyond the tomb.

When stretch'd upon the bed of death,
We cling to thee with struggling breath,
And as we draw our parting sighs,
We place thee far above the skies.

SUSAN.

TO MARY.

WHEN sad reflection me oppresses,
I find relief in my distresses
By thinking of my Mary,
Whose virtues glitter in my eyes
Like to the stars that gem the skies,
Whose splendors never vary.

In her I find those manners sweet,
Which render female grace complete;
No pertness e'er assuming:
Her soothing language gently flows,
Each accent with true knowledge glows;
She's like the lily blooming.

Oh! could I but this fair one move
To feel the gentle flame of love,
'Twould sooth a passion tender:
'Twould rid me of all earthly woe;
My hand, my heart, my all below,
To Mary I'd surrender.

EDGAR.

On Miss S——— T———'s long Absence from———

WHILST you, dear Sarah, yet remain
Absent from———, I complain
That I no equal pleasure know
To what my Sarah can bestow.
Not all the schemes that I embrace,
Will in the least supply her place:
Whate'er I seek, or what pursue,
Will not redeem the loss of you.
Whene'er I try by cheering glass,
To bear the absence of my lass,
Oporto's juice, I surely know,
Can no such bliss as you bestow.
The pleasure that the grape supplies,
Will not instead of you suffice;
For wine can only make me more
Your absence, Sarah dear, deplore.
If e'er in books I seek relief,
And try to wear away my grief,
Perhaps some pages I read o'er,
In hopes their meaning to explore,
Till, grown perplex'd, I cast aside,

And wish that you their place supply'd.
Or when I can my thoughts compose,
I verse attempt instead of prose;
And may, perhaps, go on a while,
Without much trouble, or much toil,
Till, wanting to make out a line,
I'm forc'd to quit what I design.
Ye months, ye hours, then haste away,
And bring the long-expected day,
When my dear Sarah shall return,
Till which her absence I shall mourn.

Sept. 3, 1804. I. T.

LINES,

Occasioned by a Conversation on

"WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT."

BY A YOUNG LADY.

IMAGINATION still presents to view
A much lamented brother's hapless fate;
The pensive strain again will I renew,
And weep for him, tho' now alas! too late.

Oh! could the streaming tears thy life restore,
Or could they once have stay'd thy fleeting breath,
We ne'er had known the loss we now deplore,
Nor thou have felt the agonies of death.

Would sighs, or tears, our dying friends revive,
Or lamentations but recall the dead;
How gladly would we often bid them live,
Or call them back when even life has fled!

But unavailing all our efforts prove;
In vain do we exert our utmost power;
The dearest objects of our anxious love
We must relinquish at th' appointed hour.

And can we think a God of boundless love
Delights to see his creatures thus distress'd?
Or must we doubt his power to remove
The numerous ills by which they are oppress'd?

And shall frail mortals then presume to scan
Those actions which they cannot comprehend,
And proudly murmur 'gainst the Almighty's plan,
Who has design'd it for the wisest end?

And ye who never truly feel content,
But still repine at what ye can't remove,
Look round, and view Creation's vast extent,
And see if aught therein ye can improve.

Survey the useful plant, the beauteous flow'r,
Confess His glory is display'd in each:
In every object we behold His pow'r,
And shall we dare His wisdom to impeach?

No—let us bow with reverential awe,
And with submission humbly bend the knee;
For have we not trsnsgress'd His righteous law,
And shall we not confess His just decree?

His love is infinite, His pow'r supreme;
But strictest justice marks his wise designs;
And though to us they may defective seem,
In every act unerring wisdom shines!

Mercy and justice are in Him combin'd,
Nor does He willingly afflictions bring:
Too wise to err, too good to be unkind,
His love's the source whence all our comforts spring.

Was it not love that prompted him to send
His only Son to die upon the tree;
To prove himself the guilty sinner's friend.
And shed his precious blood on Calvary?

And can such kindness ever be forgot,
And shall we ever doubt his matchless love?
Though ev'n the worst afflictions be our lot,
They only blessings in disguise may prove.

We know he is divinely wise; and all his actions just,
Then, where we cannot trace His ways, we must his goodness trust.

CURE OF ABSENCE.

WHEN we part from those we love,
(And dearest friends must sometimes part,)
Can any consolation prove
Sufficient to relieve the Heart?

Reflection can no power boast,
For past delight is present sorrow;
And Hope, itself, is sadly crost,
When doubts and fears attend to-morrow.

The only mitigation given
Adequate to ease the pain,
To render joy and sorrow even,
Is ——— to meet and love again.

SONNET TO A SIGH.

BY MR. HACKETT.

GO, thou fond Sigh! just nurtur'd by my heart,
To lovely Anabel pursue thy course;
Tell her no guile, no subtlety, or art,
Urg'd thy soft progress from its panting source.

Oh! if the glow of sympathy divine,
Should wake its ardor in her gentle breast,
And yield a tribute as sincere as mine,
Bring, bring the token that must make me blest!

These silent scenes, and ever-lonely hours,
No longer then will be o'erwhelm'd with gloom,
But Hope will lead me to connubial bow'rs,
Where Hymen dances, and where young Loves bloom;

Rich, beyond measure, in the smiles of youth,
The smiles that flow from Anabel and truth.

Temple.

A Father's Expostulation with his Children, on their Quarrels at Play.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE," "SCENES OF YOUTH," &c.

WHY do those clouds of angry humor low'r,
My thoughtless children! o'er your playful hour?—
Betsey and *Mary*, why this distance keep?—
Why pouts *Maria?*—why does *Lucy* weep?
Let not those little feudful passions reign,
To mar your sports, and give my bosom pain,
While thus I moralize:—The time is near
Which will, perhaps, demand a *serious tear:*
The *day of separation* soon will come,
To break the bond that binds you to your home;
While memory paints each scene of infant mirth—
The garden play-place—the parental hearth—
Then on the wings of rapture, would you fly,
To meet again in such society!
Gladly forget each petulant offence,
To share again the kiss of innocence!
For cruel is that world you have to prove;
Its smile is treach'ry!—Death its boasted love!
Yes!—trust a father's undissembled song,
False is mankind, and prone to every wrong:

Oh!

Oh! never may you mourn his faithless arts,
With unavailing tears, and aching hearts,
When parent-eyes can watch your weal no more,
And my solicitudes must all be o'er:
May Heaven's sweet grace your virtues then embalm,
And every rising storm of passion calm!
Be wise betimes!—Forget each past offence—
Shake hands, and share the kiss of innocence:
In sisterly affection long unite,
'Twill sweeten life, and make its burthen light.
Now to your mirth—Be happy while you may,
And snatch from grudging Care *one* envied day.

THE DISTINCTION.

THE shape alone let others prize,
Or features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, a snowy arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me the animated form,
That speaks the mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses fade.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

INTELLIGENCE dwells in my First's bright abode,
'Tis a mansion constructed for sense;
Yet it sometimes contains a dull heavy load
Of matter—that's perfectly dense.

It differs in form, and varies in shape,
As much as the man from the brute;
Or the mind that's instructed can do from an ape,
Or the crab from the pine's juicy fruit.

My Second is vigorous, hardy, and bold,
Like Jupiter's fam'd valiant son.
My Whole is a being who will not be told,
Though each day some new folly is done.

CHARADE II.

THAT my first is of use there is no one denies,
'Tis reckon'd an ornament too;
And yet there are things you affect to despise,
That have ten times more of it than you.

My Second is often a friend to my First,
And protects it, and keeps it from cold;
Young ladies oft use it, I'd say, if I durst;
But 'tis most in repute with the old.

My Whole—but too plainly the thing 'twould display,
If distinctly to you I should draw it;
But you, my fair reader, I'll venture to say,
Would, ten to one, scream if you saw it.

Correspondence, &c.

The first Act of Leander's *little Drama, called,* "Boarding School Disquietude," *is intended to appear in our* Museum *for January; the Matter for the Remainder of the present Volume being already nearly complete.*

We must inform the Gentleman who sent the Critique on "The Three Brothers," *that it does not fall within our Plan to admit anonymous Criticisms—our* "Literary Tribunal" *being entirely extracted from the Reviews, of which the Names are given.*

"The Gymnobrachiad, or Naked Arm," *is a Subject which might have afforded a greater Display of Humour; in its present Form, it falls short of that Delicacy we always wish to be preserved towards our fair Readers; and the Language is too incorrect for Publication.*

From the Specimen our young Loughborough Correspondent, A. D. *has sent us in each Kind, we think he had better try to cultivate his talent for Prose than Poetry.*

We heartily join with our Readers in regretting the Loss of Musiphilus's *Favors.*

Our old Correspondent's Poem "To a Friend on his Marriage," *must necessarily be deferred till next Month.*

Being under the Necessity of completing "The Inexperienced Traveller" *in the present Volume of* The Museum, *which, from its length, has taken up too much Room in each of the Numbers in which it has been inserted, it is with no small Degree of Reluctance we delay the Insertion of* "The Visit to Margery," *by* Susan; "Deloraine," *by* F. "Contentment the Attainment of Happiness," *by* Clermont; *the Essay* "On Female Employment;" *and the Reflections, &c. of* "Hermsprong;" *all which shall have a Place in our Next Number. But as it is our Determination not to insert any Pieces, for the future, which shall occupy more than eight or ten Pages at most, the shorter Productions of our numerous and respectable Correspondents will always gain a more ready Admission.*

Engraved by Leipsic.

Madame du Boccage.

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